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# FEATHERS

FROM

## A MOULTING MUSE.

BY

HENRY J. SARGENT,

RESIDUARY LEGATEE OF THE LATE "WALTER

ANONYM."

"Various, that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,  
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1854.



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*John Dean.*  
1854.

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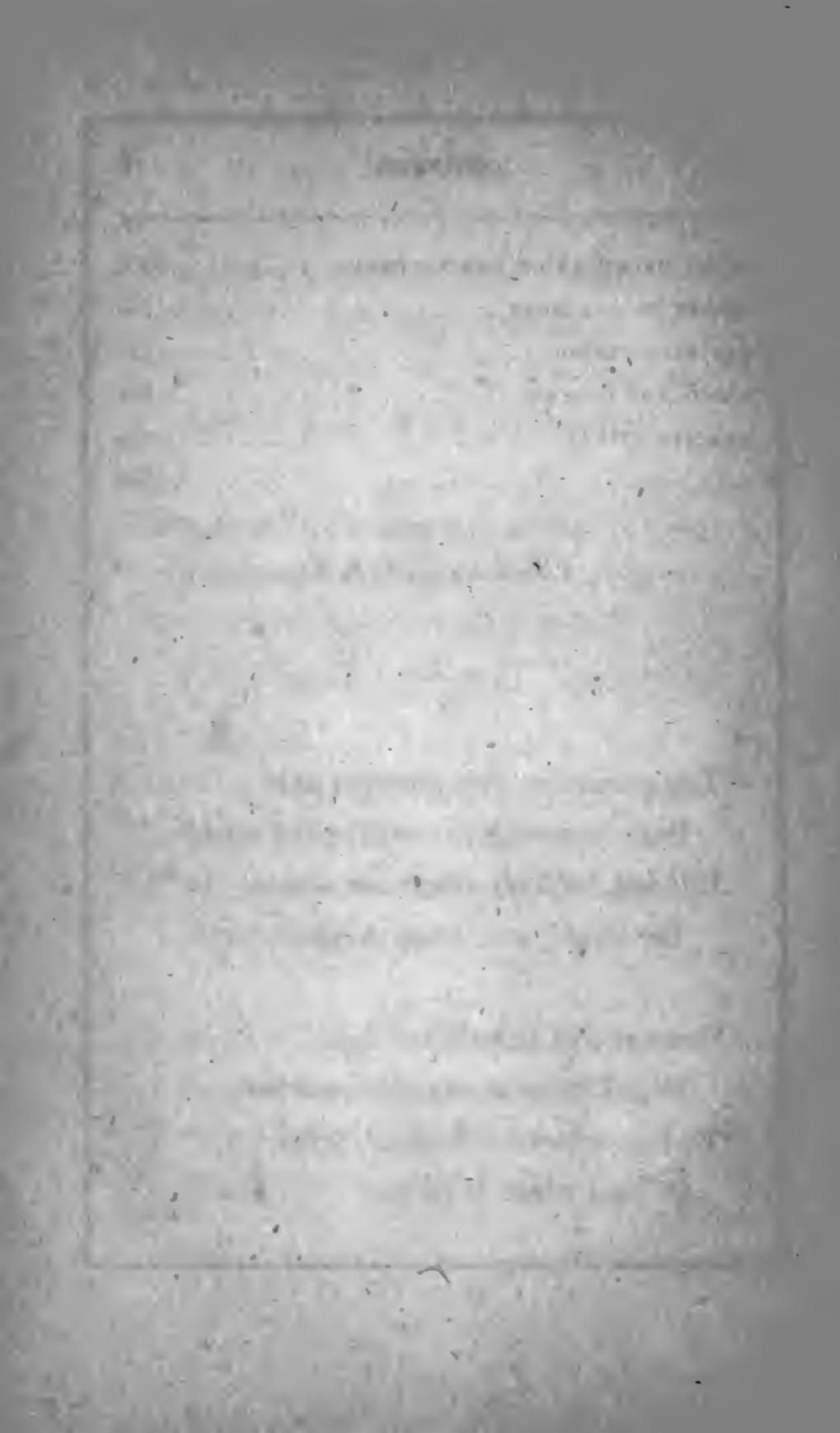
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## P R E F A T O R Y.

---

THE parent on his new-born heir  
Doth look with love-enkindled eyes ;  
Blinded, he finds attraction where  
The world would but despise.

Some ray of unreflected light,  
Which other eyes may never see,  
To him appears a herald bright  
Of that which is to be.

---

Thus look I on this child of rhyme,  
Though insignificant, mayhap,  
The offspring between thought and time,  
Rocked in my mental lap.

It may contain full many a line  
The critic stern would wish to blot;  
His soul has never entered mine,—  
I see what he does not!

Each is to me a register,  
Wherein the smile and tear,  
The sun and shadow of my thought,  
Suggestively appear.

Though valueless to him they seem,  
As valueless they are, no doubt,  
He cannot rob me of the dream  
Which shut the cold world out.

Each was a free-will offering  
To the Thalia of the hour,  
Who fanned to life, with restless wing,  
The intellectual power.

I 've called them to my fold again,  
To prove to them they 're not forsaken,  
To reunite the broken chain  
Whence they were taken.

## DEDICATORY.

TO MY WIFE.\*

DEAR Maggie, come here! Sit thee down by  
my side,

I need a protector, a patron, a friend!  
My boat isadrift on a critical tide,  
And Heaven only knows how the voyage  
may end.

---

\* My old friend, "Walter Anonym," would have dedicated this little book "To the Public," not having, I suppose, any wife of his own. He was very easily persuaded (just previous to his death), however, of the absurdity of his proposition, upon my representation that it would be deemed by the printer and publisher a most satirical compliment.—H. J. S.

---

Or, in plain, prosy English, my desperate Muse  
Would dare, with your sanction, to wander  
in rhyme.

Don't laugh,— I 'm in earnest! You cannot  
refuse  
To loan me your altar a very short time.

On that altar unbribed, for your lot is mine own,  
And one fate, as one faith, doth our destiny  
prove,

Are these garlands of fancy confidingly thrown,  
Not asking your favor, but speaking my  
love.

“Γέγραφα ὁ γέγραφα.”

EXPLANATORY.

I MIGHT have taken loftier flights,  
As others have, alas!  
Who, soaring after Tragedy,  
Dropped headlong into Farce;—

Might have translated foreign tongues,  
(With Dictionary's aid,)  
And thus have ranked proportionate  
With the pretence I made;—

Or might have walked, in 'broidered robe,  
Through mythologic grove,  
And given you the Christian names  
Of Goddesses above,

Who wantonly have smiled on me,  
Or given me a pat;  
From "Blackwell's" quaint "Mythology"  
I could have stolen that;—

Might have indited solid things,  
Read only by the shelves;  
Arabic to the million,  
And dead letters to themselves;—

Or goaded my ambition  
Into artificial rage,  
A scientific lunatic,  
Requiring no cage.

I might have spurred old “Pegasus,”  
The Epic stream to cross;  
And, like my friend “Bellerophon,”  
Have tumbled with my horse;—

Might have off-scissored my “moustache,”  
Letting my hair grow long;  
A locomotive monument  
Of dithyrambic song.

My weakest verse would have been puffed  
To pronoun I satiety,  
Had I but once the candle snuffed  
For the “Mutual A. Society.”

But I have travelled “mine ain gait,”  
From all restriction free;  
Trusting that I could bide my fate,  
Whate’er that fate might be.

My mood it was to alternate,  
As you 'll perceive I 've done,  
A vibratory pendulum  
'Twixt sentiment and fun.

Thus “Γέγραφα δο γέγραφα,”  
(Excuse this classic bit,)  
Which means, if English you prefer,  
I 've written what I 've writ !

## THE RUINS OF PALENQUE.

---

"In the interior of Central America have been discovered the ruins of an immense city, overgrown by a dense forest of trees; in the clearing away of which large edifices have been brought to light, together with temples and palaces of hewn stone.

"Though in a state of great dilapidation, the rubbish has been cleared away from some of them, and their interior explored; exhibiting to the astonished beholder evidences of a nation once existing there, highly skilled in the Arts, and in a state of civilization far beyond anything that we have been led to believe of the Aborigines previous to the discovery by Columbus." — DR. ACKERLEY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

---

MYSTERIOUS record of relentless fate!

Vast mausoleum of a nation gone!

Who shall thy wondrous history relate?

Who shall decipher thy sepulchral stone?

What was thy doom? What the adventurous  
crime

Which drew thee, powerless, in its fearful  
toils?

Hast thou thus slumbered since that earlier  
time,

When the mad waters revelled in the spoils,  
And, to the muttering of the thunder's roll,  
Gigantic Ruin slaked his thirsty soul?

Deep in the womb of the cold, voiceless  
past,

Alike unknown, unknowing, hast thou lain  
For centuries! Spring breeze, and winter  
blast,

Have tried to rouse thee from thy trance in  
vain.

A world hath grown above thee! heeding not  
That 'neath the beating of its busy tread,

Lost to the present, by the past forgot,  
Lay a vast army of the pulseless dead!  
Mortality a lesson sad may learn  
From the dank moss on thy neglected urn!

Dark relic of some unremembered age!  
Vain the attempt thy history to trace.  
Oblivion throws her mantle o'er the page,  
Pointing for archives to thy burial-place!  
The antiquarian trims his rusty lamp,  
To rove among thy palaces and fanes,  
Wiping with dainty hand the mould and damp  
(The only shroud around thy cold remains),  
No truth acquiring as he ploddeth on,  
Save that thou wast awhile, and thou art gone!

It is no dream. Ah no! there was a day  
When here were life, hope, joy, and beauty.  
Where

Thy ruins crumble now, the sun's glad ray  
Hath sparkled brightly. Summer's soft,  
sweet air  
Hath breathed of love, to many a maiden fond.  
Art hath had being here! the sentient style  
Hath bid the silent marble to respond  
Unto its bidding! And the block doth smile  
With such fair forms of loveliness and grace,  
That jealous Time would hide, but not efface.

Above thee now the forest wide is spread;  
Sad summer winds utter their soothing  
moan;  
The tiny wild-flower nods above the dead,  
A painted satire on a prostrate throne!  
Where now thy grandeur? On the swelling  
surge  
Of years remembered comes no voice of  
thine;

But the lone cricket chants his fitful dirge,  
The only laborer in this mortal mine,  
On some elaborate work of art astride,  
Chirping the requiem of the sons of pride.

Thou mightst have slept unrecognized, unknown,  
Through the vast period of Time to be,  
Writting to hear a new world's smothered  
groan  
(Deep diapason to thine agony),  
Save that the touch of that anomalous hand,  
Which slowly writes decay and doom on  
all,  
Had loosened from thy breast the earthy band  
Which held thee moveless in its mighty  
thrall,  
Unveiling, 'neath the dark, unconscious mould,  
The hidden history of the days of old.

The plough of Time upturns the historic  
pall,

'Neath which, invested in its garb of gloom,  
Deep mystery doth hold high Carnival  
With crumbling tenants of that splendid  
tomb.

No footfall echoes in thy lonely street,—  
No light remaineth in thy banquet-hall.

The insect creepeth with his noiseless feet,  
And the dew oozes from the creviced wall.  
Death's mantled reapers passed across the plain,  
Loading, with mortal sheaves, his groaning  
wain.

Who can interpret of the Almighty mind  
The impulse? Who can comprehend the  
thought,

Whose mere volition, chainless, unconfined,  
Resolves again to cold, unthinking naught

(Prompted by hate or mercy still the same  
The awful power) a sentient, vital world ?  
Its origin, its destiny, its name,  
    Into the crucible of Chaos hurled,  
There to remain embalmed in mimic state,  
A nameless toy, down-thrown by reckless Fate.

What a deep interest twines round thy decay !  
A melancholy grandeur ! Pale thought  
    brings  
Suggestive feeling, with her pensile ray  
    Silvering, with light subdued, dark, shadowy  
    things ;  
Which, although insignificant they be  
    Each in itself, yet each doth bear its part  
In swelling out that moral harmony  
    Which vibrates ever in the human heart ;  
The more mysterious still the more inspiring  
That sublimation of the soul's desiring.

Vainly we call on Memory to awake  
From her long slumber in the shrouded  
past;  
No ripple trembles on her placid lake!  
Deep are the shadows on her mirror cast.  
No phantom hand shall touch the silent lyre,  
Waking that tone illusory, though sweet,  
And, with the impulse of departed fire,  
Startle the echoes from their wild retreat!  
Deep Silence stands, a sentinel sublime,  
Guarding the records of departed time!

The pensive bard may woo the Muse in vain,  
For lore historic to perfect his theme.  
New is the race which roves the unconscious  
plain,  
Sibyl nor prophet lives to explain the dream  
We would interpret. Dark, perpetual night  
Enfolds those unknown slumberers. Never

Shall earthly morning greet them with its  
light.

To sense and time their eyes are closed for  
ever!

What was their errand? what their destiny?  
Predict from this, O sage, what thine may be!

The cool sophistic would philosophize  
Upon this handful of mysterious dust,  
(Throwing some portion of it in your eyes,  
That you may take his dictum upon trust,)  
Not as a serious "memento mori"  
(That were to him too common-sense and  
plain):

But, shrewdly reasoning "a posteriori,"  
Resolve them to their elements again.  
As if God's marvels were, to him, a scroll,  
Which he, with hallowed fingers, might un-  
roll!

Vain the attempt the Almighty's thought to  
learn,

By scanning it through philosophic glass ;  
Or sifting the frail dust in mortal urn.

Wisdom but whispers us, that " flesh is  
grass " !

Wisdom ! what is it ? proven, year by year,  
To be but vanity and idle boast.

The word prophetic of the by-gone seer  
Is now the thesis for satiric toast !

'T would not be strange if all the wealth of  
sages

Should be the laughing-stock of coming ages.

Each age the credo of the last effaces ;  
A fossil city, starting from its grave,  
The landmarks of geology displaces.

As, from the silvery beach, the in-flowing  
wave

Blots the quaint sketches which the wave before

So cunningly had stamped,—a world, new-born,

In-rolling upon Time's gray, silvery shore,

Blots out all traces of an old world gone.

Thus, after all, the sum of this earth's history  
Is this: An inference questioning a mystery!

Spite of all science, there will still remain

To earth full many a secret all its own:

Inscription mystic upon sculptured fane,

By man unchronicled, to man unknown;

Quaint hieroglyphics, traced by cunning hands,

Puzzling the research of the cunning mind,

Unwritten in the legends of the lands,

But to the archives of the dead confined.

Brooding inquiry becomes insane,

And, for relief, seeks the young world again!

Time's century-reapers, as they wander on,  
(Trolling some merry libel on the past,)  
Blot out our vaunted glories one by one;  
Chanting " Time's noblest offspring is the  
last " !

A few weak struggles against certain fate  
(Our personal necessity) is all  
That we are sure of, in this curious state,  
Toil, and privation, and a dusty pall.  
And future records will but serve to show  
The same sad cycle of returning woe.

Mother of sad reflection! why may not  
The future destination of our plains  
Be similar to thine? A burial spot  
For our neglected and unknown remains?  
'T is a wild dream to dream; and yet we  
need  
No high-wrought fancy, nor prophetic ken

To reason from analogy. We read  
    Of a vast nation but that it has been!  
And then its dark, brief history we close,  
Wrapt in the mantle of its deep repose.

A world within a world! Unfolding too,  
    At every step, indisputable proof  
Of luxury and age; startling the view  
    With "golden Lares, and with frescoed  
        roof,"  
Gorgeous mementos of perfected art.  
Ay, but the question, "Perfected by whom?"  
Throws back the current of the beating heart;  
    For who shall dare to argue with the tomb?  
What a vain mockery all the toil and care,  
Lying in pompous desolation there!

How many legends of departed days  
    Within the earth's cold bosom lie concealed,

Hid from the busy Present's sordid gaze !

How many wondrous histories, unrevealed.

We shudder as we ponder on the fact,

That, rove where'er we will, on land or wave,  
Pale Death, before us, the whole way hath  
tracked.

Each flower is rooted in some secret grave ;  
Each step of the proud ship, from zone to  
zone,

Is o'er a pulseless heart, or bleaching bone.

Cast up life's brief account. How foolish, vain,  
Viewed through the microscope which rea-  
son lends !

How many losses, and how little gain !

What vast exertions for what trifling ends !  
Struggles ! for high Ambition's dazzling goal.  
Dreams ! which are destined ever dreams to  
be.

False aspirations ! fettering the soul,  
Yet claiming for themselves true liberty,  
Forgetting that in chains we wander here,  
Watching a promise floating on a tear !

Age after age has man in learning grown,  
Till like a giant in his might he stands !  
Master of every nature but his own ; —  
Geographer of all but the few sands,  
Which, curiously attracted, act and bind  
The spirit in its cabinet of clay,  
Too often like a captive thing confined,  
Uncheered too often by one purer ray ;  
But left, all holier impulses withdrawn,  
The sceptic's plaything and the cold world's  
scorn !

Record mysterious ! to the dark eclipse  
Which shrouds thy form investigation brings

No satisfactory apocalypse ;  
But broodeth over thee with folded wings,  
Turns o'er each relic cautiously, to gain  
Some token through whose medium to find  
Thy lost connection with life's broken chain,  
Oblivion's rusty hinges to unbind.  
Her bark lies freightless on the dusky shore,  
And the lone cricket dirges, as before !

### A FEW MORE LEFT.

---

“A few more left!” It’s always so;

Who ever saw the last?

You send home your umbrella,—

You suppose the storm is past,—

But when its in the hat-stand snug,

Old Pluvius takes out the plug.

Talk of the last? There’s no such thing!

There is no last. How can there be?

'T is but a fool's conjecturing.  
Where do you find Eternity,  
If you believe each passing hour  
Subtracted from our final dower ?

" A few more left ! " Why, look at Blitz !  
Ask him but for a small " bouquet,"  
He 'll " knock the idea into fits," —  
Furnish you flowers full half a day,  
And cultivate them all, at that,  
In some old, worn-out beaver hat.

" A few more left ? " Of course there are ;  
And will be, while the world goes on.  
Each year or two some new-born star  
Shines out from its celestial zone.  
A man must be of sense bereft  
Who thinks there can't be one more left.

Although the bad predominate,  
And evil vaunteth over good,—  
Though Virtue oft is spurned by Fate,  
And fails to compass what it would,—  
Faith, smiling at Earth's treasures reft,  
Points upward to those “few more left”!

## P A S T   A W A Y!

---

“ PAST away ! ” Mysterious meanings  
Those two words involve ;  
Life, and Death, and Destiny ! —  
More than man can solve.  
History, from her dusky archives,  
Vainly would essay  
More than that laconic record,  
“ Past away ! ”

“ Past away !” The echo vibrates,  
Like a tolling bell,  
Where a mortal dwelt and perished.  
If in quiet dell,  
Or in cities grand with pride, —  
Here, or far away, —  
Still chime on that mournful duo,  
“ Past away !”

Spring, with sweet reunion, comes, —  
Sunshine, bird, and flower ;  
Music, dearest gift of all,  
Woos the scented hour.  
Care has “ gone a gypsyng ” !  
Pleasure leads the day !  
With the twilight comes that chime,  
“ Past away !”

On the cheek of fading beauty,  
Sleeping with the rose,—  
Slowly stealing into notice,  
From their soft repose,—  
Visible, although in shadow,—  
Those same words appear,  
Like the calm, prophetic warning  
    Of a seer.

On the tomb of nations vanished,  
Sculptured clear and deep,—  
Through the mist and rime of ages,—  
Doth that record sleep.  
Howsoe'er enshrined in story,  
Or embalmed in song,  
With the pæan and the triumph  
Steals that chime along,  
“ Past away! Past away! ”

### A SOLILOQUY.

---

'T is my last, last potato !

    Yet calmly I stand,  
With the firmness of Cato,  
    My fork in my hand.

Not one in the basket !

    And is it then so ?  
With sorrow I ask it,  
    Shall I eat thee, or no ?

Poor, fated Chenango !  
What feelings arise,  
As the tears trickle down  
From thy prominent eyes !

I 'll make one incision,  
There 's no need to peel ye,  
'T will let in the vision  
To judge if ye 're mealy.

How wholesome, how turfy,  
It smells through the mist !  
A genuine Murphy !  
O, who could resist !

If, in that blessed Eden,  
Potatoes had been  
Of fruits the forbidden,  
We still should have Sin.

For who, in his senses,  
Would long be in doubt,  
'Twixt Earth with potatoes,  
Or Eden without!

---

SONNET TO \_\_\_\_.

“ I WISH — O, how I wish we ne’er had met!”  
Sighing you whispered me at our last meet-  
ing.

Confess to me, Love’s Priest, that you regret  
Each sad “ good bye ” is not a tender meet-  
ing.

The wish is negative for what is gone.  
Fond Wish is Hope’s young sister,  
ever straying  
After some dream delicious farther on,  
With sweet anticipation idly playing.

The tree would die ; the flower would droop  
and fade,

'Neath the warm influence of perpetual noon !  
Mingled with sunshine there must be some  
shade ;

Were there no light, then there would be no  
moon.

Earth were too much like heaven, dear girl,  
with you,

Unless two sad " good byes " embraced each  
" how d 'ye do ? "

## S O U P !

---

LET others mount their Pegasus  
And fly to worlds afar,  
Inditing pensive sonnet  
By the light of some young star.

Mine the task — (“ Thalia ave ! ”)  
From thy proud eyrie stoop,  
Aid me ! in this mine “ onus grave ”) —  
To pen an ode to Soup !

- First comes majestic Turtle !  
(How I wish I had a bowl !)  
Like a symphony,— all fragments,—  
Blending in a perfect whole !

Talk to me of California !  
Here we have whole spheres of gold,  
Lighting up those soft green islands,  
Wherein sleep, as I 've been told,

Souls of faded Aldermen !  
And yet who would mind the jeer,  
If he too could dine on Turtle  
Fifty-two times in a year,—

And enjoy the hope poetic,  
That he too may rest in peace,  
In some gastronomic island,  
Near the classic soil of Greece ?

There 's Julian! Macaroni! Brown!

Voluptuous Ox-tail too!

My hungry Muse would taste them all,

But that she may not do.

Chicken ! pale, pensive Chicken !

Pregnant with sad ideas,—

Croup, whooping-cough, and measles,

Nurses, castor-oil, and tears,—

Upon whose calm, unruffled breast

No floating thing is seen,

All whose disturbing causes rest

Submerged in the tureen !

To thee, pale Chicken ! shall be given

The tribute of this lay ;

Thou unassuming, gentle friend

Of my young, brothy day.

True to the last! consistent still !  
Pure, as when first I knew thee,  
No Soup equivocal art thou, —  
An infant may see through thee !

O, may my right spoon bend and break,  
When I shall prize thee not ;  
And may I close thy heavy lid  
Whene'er thou “ goest to Pot ” !

### S O N G .

---

LADY! when the Night-breeze, waking,  
Leaves her island in the sea,  
And the Star of Eve, new-risen,  
Whispers me of heaven and thee,—

Think upon those glad hours banished  
With the hopes of earlier years,  
Brilliant, even while they vanished,  
Precious now, though viewed through tears!

---

Fare thee well ! Thou mayst not listen  
To a sad refrain like mine, —  
To a Song whose inspiration  
Lives but in that glance of thine.

Still, within my heart enfolded,  
Dwells the memory enshrined  
Of those blissful days departed,  
With the present sadly twined.

Fare thee well ! Although thine altar  
Hold from me no offering now,  
Save Hope's faded, scentless garlands  
Clustering round thy broken vow, —

Memory, fondly still, re-echoes  
The glad music it hath known ;  
As the harp of evening vibrates  
When the breeze hath wandered on.

---

SONNET TO \_\_\_\_.

NESTLE still closer to me, Genievieve,  
Until thy heart's pulsation seems to be  
Trembling in mine ; as doth the Star of Eve  
Within the breast of the unquiet Sea.  
  
Far down, among the Ocean's swaying  
flowers,  
Which the young Mermaids gather,  
her mild rays  
Are shining ; and upon the coral towers,  
With swinging sea-weed draped, her  
soft light strays.

---

Thus, through my soul's deep-shaded, lightless  
places,  
In breaks thy presence like a starry beam,  
Revealing in life's desert an oasis,—  
Making reality a heavenly dream !  
Nestle still closer. Now, we seem to be,  
Thyself the Ocean, I that Star to thee !

## INSPIRATION.

---

THE fount of inspiration lies

Where'er the Poet chooses.

'Neath soft Italia's tinted skies,

Where Love doth lurk in those dark eyes

Which light the bowers of Paradise,

(At least so say the Muses,)

Or, where the heartless Northern blast,

Upon his frozen steed astride,

His snowy cloak at random cast,

Loud shrieketh as he hurrieth past,

Relentless, furious, and fast,

The cozy Ingle-side.

A plaintive song, a wee wild-flower,  
Have wakened in the soul  
Till then unconscious of the power,  
An inspiration for the hour,  
A ray unseen, unfelt before, —  
The tenth wave on the silvery shore, —  
Then, lost the sweet control.  
Spirits there are, to whom, unknown  
To the cold world, each fleeting min-  
ute  
Has a dear influence of its own,  
Some softer light, some tenderer tone,  
Some moonlight dream around it thrown,  
Some glad thought in it!

There are who delve, for glory's sake,  
The Laureate to attain !  
Who think asleep, who toil awake,  
And life a melancholy make,

By striving thus to overtake  
A shadow in the brain !  
Thus woo not I, for Epic theme,  
The unpropitious Nine ;  
Thus drink not I from shadowy stream  
Chained to Ambition's slavish dream.  
O, sweeter far the draught I deem  
From this wee fount of mine !

No serious Melpomene,  
From her despotic throne,  
Shall issue her commands to me !  
My thought, though humble, shall be free;  
Nor supplicate, on bended knee,  
For leave to walk alone.  
O'er heath, thro' vale and meadow, straying,  
Adown the rocky glen,—  
Where sunbeams on small boughs are  
playing,

Where unknown flowers are gently swaying,

And the shy fairies do their Maying,  
Far from the haunts of men.

Mine be the Muse the instant brings,

Type of the passing feeling,—

The light from whose prismatic wings,

In fitful, trembling beauty, flings

Its tint o'er my imaginings,

Electric thought revealing!

Thus, from each fancy flitting by,

My wayward friend shall take

Some little scented memory,

Some wild-flower from my thought's  
bouquet,

Her quaint, mosaic history

Of my mind's life to make.

---

### TRIUNE EPIGRAM.

---

Who thinks the *nascitur* not fit,  
Sure sense and wisdom lacks.  
Why rove afar for sterling wit?  
We have it in our Saxe!  
Quote you from Juvenal's Satirics  
The wittiest idea,  
Or gems from the Horatian Lyrics,  
We can quote W(h)ittier here!  
Then seek not wit in foreign lands,  
Nor search through ancient tomes,  
When it is ready at our hands,  
And sparkling in our Ho(l)mes!

### TO A VENERABLE HURDY-GURDY.

---

BLEST were the hours, when, in thy happy prime,  
Thy soul, new-wired, out-twanged itself in  
song,  
When thy proud owner's bounding heart kept  
time  
To thy glad measure as life trolled along.

How pensively he watched the *Son's* last *raise*  
Silvering thy polished surface as they shone !

How smiled he, as he circled thee with *baize*  
At eve, when thy triumphant march was  
done!

Then waked thy fervid chords to "Love's  
Young Dream,"  
Or moaned through "Mary, I believed thee  
true"!

Sweetly they told of "Bendemeer's blue  
stream,"  
And joyous wert thou. Life, to thee, was  
new!

How much like youth! In thy first spring-  
time days  
Full of glad influence, and tender tone,  
Ready, at morn, with thy harmonious lays,  
Nor wearied with thyself when day was done.  
How much like youth!

Now suddenly ejecting quaint orgasms,  
Mingled with wild and incoherent mutter-  
ing,  
And horrid groans, indicative of spasms,  
One strain, and then a five-bar rest of stut-  
tering, —  
How much like age !

How much like age ! The will without the  
power,  
Sad emblem of man's worn-out pilgrimage,  
Weakness and imbecility thy dower,  
Past by neglectfully,— how much like age !

Poor Hurdy ! mourn not over rusty wires  
And broken cogs : no ! view them (as you can)  
But as the emblems of the weak desires,  
The hopes decayed which mark the course  
of man.

Cheer up then ! Thine is no peculiar lot:  
Such is the history of us all below.  
This living, rusting, but to be forgot,  
Completes the cycle of a world of woe.

## JENNY LIND'S GREETING TO AMERICA.

---

It is no dream ! The foaming sea  
Its burden to the shore has cast,  
And at the shrine of Liberty  
I kneel at last.

The shrine of Liberty ! that word  
By me how prized, to me how dear !  
Though undefined, so often heard !  
And am I here ?

Yes, I am here ! My pulses leap !  
With patriot zeal my bosom thrills !  
O that this genial air might sweep  
O'er Swedia's hills, —

Until her every mount and dell  
(As touched by an enchanter's wand)  
Should smile beneath its magic spell, —  
Mine own, loved land !

I come ! I come to weave a chain  
Of melody, to bind the hour.  
O, should we never meet again,  
May it have power

To say, where words could not impart  
The wildering, joyous thoughts which throng,  
I yielded you my very heart,  
My soul, my soul, in Song.

---

SONNET.

PHRENOLOGY ! I send this missive to you now,  
To beg you 'll send a load of bumps, by the  
first train.

Having many virtuous holes unoccupied, do  
thou,

In mercy to thine humble suppliant, deign  
To stuff them for my good.

Cram full my upper story  
With knots of blazing piety ; that it may be  
A transcendental lighthouse, — a far-shining  
glory !

Whose rays, humane, point out the fearful  
breakers in life's sea.

Stop up all those dark crevices where sin might  
enter :

When short of intellectual putty, stick to  
wax !

Place Moral Courage, sentinel, in the centre,  
And let Suspicion, wary, peep through the  
small cracks.

Where substance can't be used, resort to an  
injection :

In short, if "all the same to you," make me  
perfection !

## THE PRAYER OF THE PRAIRIE-FLOWER.

---

LOITERING in a garden one summer's day, among a collection of gorgeous exotics, I spied a tiny flower which seemed so out of place, with her little, pale, sentimental face peeping through the flaunting dresses of those foreign flirts (who appeared to take infinite satisfaction in standing between her and the blue sky and sunshine), I thought the flower whispered me this scented prayer :—

BEAR me back! bear me back to the quiet nook  
In the prairie glade,  
Where, near the sadly murmuring brook,  
With friends around me,  
By the odor-laden breezes swayed,  
You found me.

---

Beneath the quiet, overarching sky,  
Unknown and unadmired  
Save by those few I love the best  
And Him who sent me from on high,  
Let me in silence rest.  
O, take me back! that I may hear again  
His voice low murmuring on the boundless plain.

Say not that gentle care will house me warm  
When winter breathes upon my sister flowers,  
No fears have I!  
Heaven's mercy shields me through the summer storm,  
And Faith bides calmly the autumnal hours,  
When I must die.

Nay, more!  
Hold me not up in my simplicity,  
To be the gaze of those exotic things

From foreign shore.

Give them their passport from Nobility !

I am protected by the King of kings !

I cannot be resigned ; but still must pine

For the cool rustling of the evening breeze  
In that far home of mine.

O, let me hold, in this mine hour of grief,  
Some cherished memory from that loved spot,

Though but a faded leaf !

Deny me not !

Never again ! my sad heart tells me so,

Shall I rejoice among my kindred flowers.

That joy I may not know,

Upon the rivulet's moist and mossy bank,  
To loiter pleasant days and moonlight hours,

Never again !

Broken is the delicious chain ;  
A dark cloud lowers.

I 'm dying !  
Loosen the earth around me !  
Remove those lilies, that the sad breeze, sigh-  
ing,  
May kiss me for the last, last time.  
Bring me some dew ! my feverish lips are drying :  
I hear the Fairies' pensive funeral chime.

---

### S H A D O W S .

---

How dreary seems this world,  
Examined through a roll of unpaid bills,  
A map of misery to the eye unfurled,  
A perfect horror-scope of ills !

We scan the horizon, in the hope to see  
Some barque returning where our venture  
lay,  
Freighted with golden promise of "to be"!  
No signal greets us in the stormy bay !

---

How very strangely now upon the ear  
Fall words of kindness, voices low and sweet,  
Whispering of blissful expectations near,  
Hastening the glad heart's beat!

Then look we through our telescope for friends:  
Not one, alas! where once we had so many.  
A sudden dulness has come o'er the *lends*,  
Point where we may, we look in vain for any.

Endeavor we, by means of an extension,  
To reach our object. Still we strive in vain.  
At last it comes within our comprehension  
That what we 've lost will ne'er come back  
again.

Like to some dream insane doth come the text,  
“ To him who hath, to him shall more be  
given,”

“ From him who hath not — ” Here, still more perplexed,

We wish our Creditors (to make it even)  
Enjoying in that world they call the next  
The bliss we ’ve tasted here. Perhaps that ’s  
Heaven !

---

SONNET TO ——.

“ Too late I stayed.” A very pleasant crime,  
Which, doubtless, one is bound to expiate  
When he determines how to reckon time.

It 's all Pickwickian, this idea of late.  
If thus the bright hours hasten, — if the  
sands

Thus get the start of time and all ho-  
rology, —

My watch shall be divested of the hands.  
Then shall I have the *face* to make  
apology.

---

One thing is very certain in this life,  
'T is this : that we 're descended, all, from  
Tantalus.

Pray Heaven he had a handsome, virtuous wife  
(That history don't mention her is scanda-  
lous).

If there 's one question harder than another  
To answer, in such case, it 's "How 's your  
mother?"

---

R O M A N Z A.—T O ——.

WHAT would life be to us without Romance ?  
A march funereal, with its steady beat  
And solemn step. A serio-comic dance,  
Whose only music were the tramp of feet  
O'er that undevious bridge, where every soul  
Must leave some relic, as it passes by,—  
Some dear remembrancer, by way of toll,  
And, in exchange, receive a tear — or sigh.

O, rather let our thought go wandering free  
As roving Gypsies. Now, through summer  
fields ;  
Now, tenting it beside the sobbing sea,  
Whose low, sad murmuring through the  
senses steals  
Like unforgotten music of a bird,  
With pensive memories and sad voices  
blended ;  
Or plaintive song, which, though for years  
unheard,  
Comes sighing back, e'en sadder than it then  
did.

If we could borrow wings, dear Genevieve,  
We'd take a flight across the summer seas !  
Or, bidding earth good by some moonlight  
eve,  
Touch at " Orion " and the " Pleiades ! "

Free from her moorings some young Angel's  
boat,

While he in dreams of his fair saint lies  
sleeping,

From star to star, propelled by music, float,  
Through the bright heavens our brilliant  
voyage keeping.

Or we would hang our hearts upon the horns  
Of the young moon, in the fresh evening air,  
While, far below, upon mosaic lawns,  
Flowers of the night their scented breasts  
lay bare

To catch the wayward wanderers, should af-  
fright,

When Luna in the West begins to wane,  
Urge them to tempt the uncalculated height,  
And leap, through silence, down to earth  
again!

---

Let others kneel before the gaudy shrine  
    Of Flora, circled with enamelled chain.  
Ours be the sweeter task, dear Genevieve,  
    The scented brier in the shady lane  
With the star-wooed Nyctanthis flower to  
        weave.  
Or make sad wreaths of withered way-side  
    flowers,  
From which the fragrance and the bloom have  
        past,  
Whose faded leaves turn backward to those  
    hours  
The envious dial counted off so fast.  
  
Forget to-day. Come back with me! and  
    dream  
O'er those sweet yesterdays we 've loved  
    and lost,

---

Which stand, with folded wings, beside life's  
stream,

Softly daguerreotyped by memory's beam.

Not misanthropical to count the cost,  
But, miser-like, to hug them to thy heart,  
(Those Phantom Statuettes of joy's ideal,)  
Till, warmed by thee, each pulse anew shall  
start,

And they shall live again, unchanged and  
real!

## THE FESTIVAL OF TEARS.

---

'T IS Music's choicest "Festival"!

'T is Malibran\* who sings!

With her thrilling Hallelujahs,

The vast Cathedral rings!

---

\* The death of Malibran was most touching and poetic, as described to me by that eloquent enthusiast, Rev. Henry Giles. What of merit there may be in this little poem, I may refer to him, in a certain sense, as it was his glowing description which inspired me.—H. J. S.

Free as the bird among the clouds,  
She roams without control;  
Her rich, sad tones come gushing forth  
Like voices from the soul !

Swaying, with her angelic notes,  
The awed and silent crowd,  
Whose hearts, responsive to the spell,  
Are beating fast and loud,

What muffled form bends over her,  
To catch her last low tone ?  
What passionate idolater,  
Mysterious and alone ?

Some ardent lover must he be ; —  
How clings he to her side !  
How lifteth he his mantle up,  
To veil his flush of pride !

Nearer he draws ! He fears to lose,  
Of hers, the slightest breath !  
“ Bravissimo ! ” He leads her out !  
The mantle falls. ’T is Death !

Carved upon that ghastly brow  
In lurid light appears,  
“ This shall be called my ‘ Festival,’  
The Festival of Tears ! ”

Loved friends are bending over her.  
“ In vain ! ” a deep voice said,  
“ Ye are but whispering to dust,  
That soul in song hath fled ! ”

“ Robed for a higher ‘ Festival,’  
She heareth not your prayer.”  
She is now in Heaven’s Cathedral,—  
Her spirit chanteth there ! ”

---

SONNET TO NOTHING.

MYSTERIOUS Nihil ! As I never saw you,  
Nor can describe you, or in form or feature,  
You 'll marvel at my sudden fondness for  
you.

But do n't look blank, if I should chance  
to meet you.

I know your fascinating sister, Silence,  
very well :

Many are the cozy times we 've had to-  
gether.

---

Oft her sweet influence hath bound me in  
a spell  
Of dreamy estasy, until I knew not whether,  
Listening the Ocean's sympathetic grieving  
(As the odor-laden land-breeze loitered by),  
'Twas my own heart, or the sad sea, thus  
heaving ;  
Or if the Wind's soft breath were your  
dear Sister's sigh.  
When next you hear from Silence, (Nothing,)  
as you will,  
Forget not, though she scorn to speak to me,  
I love her still !

### TO THE BOBOLINK.

---

QUAINT and curious little singer,  
Winged, aerial Swiss bell-ringer,  
    Floating now, as if at pleasure  
On thine own delicious measure,  
    In the Summer air:  
Now upon a tree-top tilting,  
Keeping time with thy mad lilting,  
    Melodizing, in thy freak,  
Irish, Dutch, Hungarian, Greek,  
    Joyous everywhere.

Now, a short and funny strain,  
Ending quick, as if a pain  
    Suddenly attacked the throat,  
    Strangling here and there a note,  
    And then racing  
Through the queerest fantasies,  
On the grass and in the skies,  
    Tinkling, choaking, fluttering, chattering,  
    Blinking, winking, bowing, clattering,  
    Trotting, running, pacing.

Love and marriage (both "high treason")  
You perfect in one short season.  
"Arnault," and "Corelli" too,  
Yield, at once, the palm to you  
    In their art.

Pupils of a month or so  
You instruct in all you know,  
And your concerts prove, in Autumn,

---

How successfully you 've taught 'em  
In each part.

First, three short eccentric quirks,  
Then fourteen spasmodic jerks,  
And now, gushing forth amain,  
Comes that wild, voluptuous strain,  
Like a Polka measure.

Sweet, continuous it flows,  
Gathering richness as it goes,  
A melodious avalanche !  
Which "Rossini," "Weber," "Planche,"  
Would esteem a treasure.

---

Mocking-bird \* doth ne'er essay  
To repeat thy wondrous lay,

---

\* It is a fact indisputable, that the "Mocking-bird" cannot imitate the note of the "Bobolink." It is asserted, moreover, that he pines in silence if within hearing of that marvellous tone which thus defies his art.—H. J. S.

---

Though he ponder e'er so long  
Upon thy metallic song,  
Listens he in vain.  
Following a mountain sprite  
Down a rocky steep, at night,  
Would involve no surer fate  
Than the attempt to imitate  
That melodious rain.

Quaint and curious little singer,  
Winged, aerial Swiss bell-ringer,  
Be it sunshine, cloud, or rain,  
That same liquid, wild refrain  
Dances o'er us.  
Yet no mortal that I 've seen,  
(Good authority I mean,)  
Though he claim to comprehend  
All the solos ever penned,  
Can translate that chorus.

TO \_\_\_\_\_. A CAROL.

---

You bid me write, lady ! unconscious, I deem,  
How cold and unmeaning the numbers will  
be,

Unless thy pure Spirit preside o'er the dream,  
Inspiring the bard by some token from thee.

Give thou but a look, or a wave of the hand,  
To thy suppliant here, 't will inspire him  
more

Than a wreath from the haughtiest Nine in  
the land.

O kindle mine Altar ! I pray, I implore !

---

A glance! Blessed Sunbeam! No longer unknown

The Poet shall languish. No more shall be hung

The harp on the willows, to murmur and moan,

No longer neglected, no longer unstrung.

If I touch but the chords, the wild measure outflows,

Like the lark's liquid lay through the summer air ringing;

Creations of Beauty start up from repose,

And the Angel of Thought her sweet incense is bringing.

As the Statue of Memnon at morning replies

In melody soft to the Sun's earliest smile,

My heart, warmed to life by the light of thine  
eyes,

In song would repay their glad influence  
the while.

Alas for the Muse, when that light is with-  
drawn !

How faintly the fires on her altar shall burn !  
Her hope, her existence itself, will be gone,  
When that bright inspiration has failed to  
return.

As the mariner, lone, o'er the stormy wave  
driven,

Each night looketh up, from his home on  
the main,

For that star of his faith to rekindle in heaven,  
Thus, lady, I watch thy bright coming again.

### THE LILY'S WOOING.

---

"No marvel woman should love flowers ; they bear  
So much of fanciful similitude  
To her own history."

---

WITHIN a cozy little bower  
A modest wild-rose bloomed ;  
The wings of every passing hour  
Were by her breath perfumed.

From out her scented chalice  
The nightingale would drink,  
And the evening star looked down on her  
With a most coquettish wink.

She knew the star was far too high  
To think of coming down,  
So she pouted with her fragrant lip,  
And frowned her thorniest frown.

The moon peeped into her bower, and smiled  
On her leaves so bright with dew;  
Oh! she was as joyous as Rose could be,  
For nothing of love she knew.

She often wished that some sweet flower  
Might greet her in the wood,  
Might share her soft, sad summer nights,  
And cheer her solitude.

Yet merrily flew the hours by,  
When the Rose was young in May ;  
The South-wind, with its gentle sigh,  
Was rocking her all the day.

The humming-bird, with his satin wing,  
Would fan her at noontide hour,  
And the butterfly opened his golden screen,  
To shadow the fainting flower.

\* \* \* \*

But the Rose at last did dream a dream  
Of a floweret tall and fair:  
Each day that vision is still the theme,  
Each night the dear dream is there.

No longer does she joy to hear  
The pine-bird's rippling tone,—  
She starts if the humming-bird come near,  
She weeps if left alone.

Day after day does she languish on,  
Poor, love-lorn Queen of Flowers!  
Looking for that dear mystery  
Which haunts her dreamy hours.

In vain the evening breeze may sigh  
The trembling trees among ;  
In vain the wild-bird's melody,—  
She heedeth not his song.

The moonlight is too sad for her,  
Too gay the sunny glare ;  
And life is but a dreary blank,  
Unless that dream be there.

\* \* \* \* \*

'T is now far on in the month of June,  
A dark and stormy night !  
In mockery of the shrouded moon,  
The lightning quivers bright.

The clouds upon the tempest borne  
In mad confusion ride ;  
From her stock the delicate Rose is torn,  
And dropped on a rushing tide.

Far away! through ripple, and eddy, and foam,  
She glides on the river's breast,

Till she finds herself clasped in a soft embrace,  
And gently lulled to rest.

O for one breath from her own loved vale,  
One sunny wild-wood gleam!

One sad, delicious, final glimpse  
Of that lost precious dream!

Trembling she lay through that stormy night,  
Unconscious of the power  
Which held her safe on the waves so light,  
A poor, heart-broken flower.

\* \* \* \* \*

The storm has ceased ; through parting clouds  
The sparkling stars are peeping :  
In the graceful folds of a Lily pale  
A languid Rose lies sleeping.

Sweet smile! Some cherished memory  
Mingles with her repose :

Zephyr, perhaps, is murmuring  
Soft Arias to the Rose.

She wakes! Then asks the tall, pale flower,  
In sad and gentle tone,  
“ Why hast thou left thy scented bower,  
Unguided, and alone? ”

\* \* \* \*

The story of the midnight storm  
Is told with such sweet grief,  
The Lily presses her yielding form,  
And kisses her blushing leaf.

Then looks he down in the waters clear,  
And murmurs the Lily pale,  
“ A bird hath sung of a lovely Rose,  
Far off in a shady vale.

---

“ He sang as of the fairest thing  
This world of ours could show,—  
• A wanderer, strayed from Paradise,  
To this cold earth below.”

Oft have I prayed that flower to see,  
Doubting the love-sick bird sang true.  
No more I doubt. He sang of thee!  
Sweet Vision of light and dew!

“ O wilt thou leave thy forest dear,  
The bird, and the scented vine,  
To dwell with me on the waters clear ?  
Loved Rose ! wilt thou be mine ? ”

With bended stalk, and leaf downcast,  
Trembling the fair one lay.  
She never had been wooed before :  
What could the poor Rose say ?

“ Fear not ! ” the ardent Lily said,  
Clasping her slender zone,

“ But rest thou here. Be thou my queen!  
Come, share my broad green throne ! ”

“ Beneath the same glad summer sky,  
Rocked on the same blue wave,

We 'll live, and love our years away,  
And find at last one grave ! ”

Now deeper blushed the modest Rose,  
At the warmth of the Lily's press.

By the light of the stars, at twilight's close,  
She whispered a perfumed “ Yes ! ”

---

SONNET.—OCEAN TWILIGHT.

---

Sad, moaning Ocean! o'er whose sobbing breast  
Golden winged moonbeams hover trem-  
blingly,  
As the first star stoops to the shadowy West,  
And Silence prints her kiss on lawn and lea,  
Wrap me in that sweet influence which of yore  
Folded my spirit in its cool embrace,  
While dreamily I stood upon the shore,  
Watching the panting waves, in emulous race,

Each in its turn exhausted reach the goal;  
Leaving its mark of foam upon the sand.  
It waked my heart, where now it stirs my soul,  
That wrestling wave upon the lonely strand,  
So much resembleth it the mad, unmeaning  
strife,  
Which ends, like that, in foam, upon the shore  
of life.

### TO THE EVENING STAR.

---

BRIDE of the summer night!

Over the dewy mountain shining clear,  
So eloquent of love and light,  
Once more I greet thee here.

Here, where in early time I felt  
The hallowed impulse of the heart's first  
dream,  
And I, in silent adoration, knelt  
Beneath thy chastening beam.

Long years have passed, sweet Vision!

Since those delicious hours,  
When from thy bower Elysian

I plucked poetic flowers,—

And, weaving garlands, idly deemed  
That Time would dim their freshness never,  
But that all radiant as they seemed  
In their young bloom they would be ever.

Alas! the hand is weary,  
The eye that watched grows dim,  
The memories of dear voices lost  
Chant their funereal hymn.

The forest shade seems deeper,  
There 's more mist upon the hill,

---

The paths down hill are steeper,  
And will soon be steeper still!

\*       \*       \*       \*

How simple is life's story !  
Moon ! ruddy, rosy, radiant light !  
Love, passion, hope, fame, glory !  
Clouds, shadows, sober twilight, night !

Like spectres do we pass  
Across a flowerless and deserted land,  
Watching the turning of the glass,  
The steady ebbing of the down-flowing sand.

But thou still shinest brightly,  
As on that sad-remembered, halcyon even ;  
Still dost thou wander nightly,  
Fulfilling thy same glorious destiny in  
heaven !

And thus, to other hearts, like mine,  
Throughout thy future unrecorded years,  
Thy calm and holy light shall shine  
Upon youth's ardent hopes, and manhood's  
spectral fears.

### SONNET TO THE DIV'L!

---

DEAR Satan! we 've been anxious to address  
you,

But hardly had the boldness to approach.  
Whether 't would do to greet you with "God  
bless you!"

Were more than doubtful; and then how to  
broach

The subject, which has ne'er been quite ex-  
plained,—

Your horns and tail? — concerning which  
we 're curious.

However, this first step is one point gained.

Perceiving that you're not so devilish furious,  
Respectfully we ask how long your tail is.

Should the descriptions of you, in Hell's  
History,

Be taken strictly, or *cum grano salis* ?

For Heaven's sake, unfold the awful mys-  
tery !

Is it a fact, as we have understood,

That brimstone *pâté* is your only food ?

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE RETURN OF THE ATLANTIC, SUPPOSED  
TO HAVE BEEN LOST.

SING not the song of triumph,  
Shout not the shout of glee,  
But deeper let the throbbing  
Of thy soul's expression be.

Bow to that Power Supernal,  
Who held her trembling form  
In the hollow of his hand upright  
Through the unrelenting storm.

Shake off all worldly feeling,  
Forget all worldly ties,  
Until thy spirit holdeth  
Communion with the skies.

Humbly shalt thou acknowledge  
Her strength were all in vain,  
To struggle with the elements,  
To battle with the main !

O, higher were the sailor's hopes,  
When the demon of the gale  
Shouted amid the shrieking ropes,  
And shook the tattered sail !

She did not brave the tempest,  
She merely lived, to prove  
That mightier than the tempest  
Was the power of holy Love.

Her strength ! 'T were less than weakness,  
To test the Ocean's might;  
With its mountain surges wrestling,  
Through the melancholy night.

Bawbles and toys her engine,  
Her pilots, and her helm,  
Needing but one unguided wave  
To strangle and o'erwhelm.

Sing not the song of triumph,  
Shout not the shout of glee,  
But deeper let the throbbing  
Of thy soul's expression be.

---

THE SERENADE.

---

THE other night, at half-past two o'clock,  
(People who dine at twelve would call it  
morning,)

I was awakened by a sudden shock,  
Almost as fearful as the startling warning  
The prophet Camel gives his Arab master  
Of the Simoom's dread coming.

I was dreaming  
Of rosy lips, and necks of alabaster.

Love and myself deliciously were scheming  
All sorts of prettinesses in a bower, when,  
                hark!

The horn, asthmatic, groans its dismal  
                warner,

Like a huge giant yawning in the dark.

Cupid, farewell! They 're coming round  
                the corner.

To bring forth sounds so monstrously heretic,  
Night must have wed the Mastodon Emetic!

“ GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH ! ”

---

“ God save the Commonwealth ! ” We need  
Some pious *pater noster* in these days,  
When every jackass munches his own creed,  
And swears by thorns and thistles, while he  
brays.

The holy parson to his godly flock  
Doth preach sedition ; nor can rest at ease  
Unless she deal the Bible a hard knock,  
Or utter some such homilies as these : —

" Ye think the miracles are true, then, do ye ?  
And ye believe them to this hour ? Poor  
fools !

How often must I put this thesis to ye,—  
Religion must not be behind the schools !

" D' ye think that Balaam's ass in Hebrew  
spoke

As fluently as 't were his mother tongue ?  
Or d' ye think, with me, 't was but a joke  
Palmed off upon the world when it was  
young,

" And there was dearth of fancy ? Trust ye not  
To aught but what your 'higher law' in-  
spires !

Trample the Constitution under foot !  
And from my altar light your fading fires !"

## THE PILOT 'S THERE!

A RESPONSE TO "ROCKS AHEAD!" BY MARTIN F. TUPPER,  
IN THE TRANSCRIPT, APRIL 18, 1851.

"Rocks Ahead!" We need no warnings,  
Though we trust thou art sincere ;  
Taking kindly thy intention,  
We return to thee thy fear.

Urged by a resistless impulse,  
Thou hast answered to the call ;  
With prophetic finger pointing  
To the phantom on the wall.

Steady shall our gallant vessel  
Mount o'er every troubled sea,

---

With her sails untorn and stainless,  
And her pennon floating free !  
Safely through the angry surges  
She her precious weight shall bear,  
Looking calmly on her peril,  
While she sees her pilot there !

Ever faithful to his duty,  
Constant ever at his post,  
He will rescue her from danger,  
Though she may be tempest-tost.  
On the "rocks" she will not founder.  
Fear not, Saxon, nor despair:  
She shall bring her priceless cargo  
Safely home. "The Pilot's there!"

Time, with weary ages laden,  
Shall behold her flag unfurled,

And the arms of Freedom stretching  
To the verges of the world.

While the eagle from his eyrie,  
As he plumes his radiant wings,  
Looks in vain for those dominions  
Which were the sport of kings.

When our "Pilot," crowned with glory,  
Sleepeth in his honored grave,  
Still shall ride the gallant vessel  
Safely, o'er the stormiest wave;  
For his spirit\* shall be with her,  
Shall protect her everywhere;  
And his influence, immortal,  
Ever be her "Pilot" there!

---

\* The wailing of a nation has gone forth since the publication of this faint tribute to the Hon. Daniel Webster, and the prophecy has become a sad historic fact. Admiration for the living is changed to reverence for the dead.

## L I N E S

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP IN MY WINDOW.

SOFTLY responding to the Etesian wind,  
Comes a faint melody ; as if from far  
Echoed the chime harmonious, which doth bind  
In choral chain planet and moon and star.

It is my Wind-Harp, at its evening prayer !  
No mortal hand could win such gentle tone  
From those frail wires : some tiny sprite is there,  
Uttering his pensive memories, sad and lone.

Hark! now a rapid, changeful, joyous measure;

A troop of Fairies o'er the chords is straying,

Wooing the Harp's vibrations back to pleasure,

By the wild beauty of their roundelaying.

Now doth some low, half-sobbing, tender theme,

    Of melancholy meaning, gently grieving,  
Die ere half-whispered,— a delicious dream  
    Of “music, moonlight, love, and flowers”  
                weaving.

Each night an angel tunes those trembling  
    chords ;

And Zephyr, stooping as he hastes along,  
Doth breathe upon them little scented words,  
    Which the fond Harp returns to him in song.

Sweet Seraph! dwelling in those plaintive  
strings,

Ne'er canst thou weary with thy sad refrain.

Wave at my window thy melodious wings;

Wrap me in that delirious trance again!

Light up these shadows with the sunshine gone,

Transport me back to youth's delightful shore!

No answer save that melancholy moan ?

The wind is lulled to rest : my dream is o'er!

## MISS SNOW TO HER PERSECUTORS.

---

The following lines were written in answer to a series of poetical slurs addressed to "Miss Snow," signed "Frost," "White," and "Hail," published in the Boston Post.

---

A valiant man you are in fact,  
A gallant Colonel, Mr. "Post,"  
To see a poor, lone girl attacked,  
And barbecued, and hewed, and hacked,  
By such a rabble host!

Who says there 's nothing in a name,  
When every rascal, high or low,

Or halt, or blind, or deaf, or lame,  
Asserts his right of making game  
Of me, poor spinster Snow ?

First, Mr. "Frost" must try to sing  
To his harp's frozen wire,  
A poor, untuned, discordant thing ;  
A voiceless bird with broken wing,  
A melancholy *lyre*.

However, I can pardon him,  
If he repent in time,  
(Before I tear him limb from limb,)  
For "Frost" is but the synonyme  
With cold and cheerless *rhyme*.

But for the rest, as "White" and "Hail,"  
Who use so much mock feeling ;  
Who talk so soft, and look so pale,

Who hold bad jokes up by the tail,  
Until they set them squealing, —

I 'll sit upon their window pane ;  
And, when they 're fast asleep,  
I 'll shake with all my might and main.  
They shall not even doze again ;  
All night my watch I 'll keep.

I 'm journeying to the northward now,  
There to remain until December,  
But I have made a solemn vow,  
Which shall be kept ; and one, I trow,  
Which they will long remember.

My footsteps shall approach so light,  
Their wary ears in vain shall listen  
And they shall cower with affright,

As, hurrying past them, in the night,  
My white robes glisten !

My vengeance shall be sure as swift,  
My purpose fixed, there 's no delaying.  
From out my cloudy home once rift,  
Before they can suspect my *drift*,  
I 'll be among them *sleighting*.

### T O B O S I O.

---

SOFTLY flows the limpid measure  
Of the streamlet's voice so clear;  
Wandering through mosaic meadows,  
Freshening all it floweth near.

Here reflects it golden sunshine  
From its bright, transparent breast;  
Here, within some quiet eddy,  
Woos the calm blue sky to rest.

---

Now with low, sad tone outmurmuring,  
Like the chanting of a prayer,  
From the Fairies' dim cathedral,  
Hid among the wild-flowers there,—

Whispering now faint, dream-like music,  
From some choir far beyond,  
Warbling forth the sweet *Te Deum*,  
While the tiny priests respond.

Sparkling now, as on it rusheth  
O'er the laughing, dimpling shoal;  
Winking to the merry sunshine,  
Joying in its uncontrol;—

Jumping o'er the polished pebbles,  
Playfully the wavelets flow,  
Waltzing with the water-lily  
In the shady pool below.

---

Wheresoe'er the streamlet wandereth,  
Beauty follows in its path ;  
And the emerald grass-way showeth  
The sweet influence it hath ; —

Giving joy, where'er it glideth,  
Unto weary bird and flower ;  
Modestly, the while, unconscious  
Of its unpretending power. •

Thus in gladness ever floweth,  
With its gush of tender tone,  
Thy clear stream of song melodious,  
Fraught with beauty all its own.

Now, as from the heart's glad fountain,  
Comes a strain of joy and love ;  
Like the lark's pure lay outwelling  
From some tinted cloud above ; —

Now, as if the soul in sorrow  
Breathed in song its earnest prayer ;  
While the soft, delicious cadence  
Seems to consecrate the air.

Fare thee well ! delightful minstrel,  
Bless the power God hath given ;  
This may be but the rehearsal  
For thy ministry in heaven.

---

SONNET.—SUMMER RAIN.

Who hath not poetized thee, Summer Rain ?  
Both high and low, patrician and plebeian.  
Then why not I take up the glad refrain,  
And canonize thee with my humble  
Pæan ?  
Not for the good thou doest to trees  
and flowers,  
Which scorching suns have of their bloom  
bereft ;

---

But that thou clean'st these filthy streets of  
ours,  
Of what the Common Councilmen have left.  
Productive too thine influence here, as well as  
'Mid rural vales. Soon as thou comest down  
Upsprings, at once, a crop of green um-  
rellas !  
Like mushrooms, sprouting out all over  
town.  
Merry to me thy mad and muddy mutter,  
As thou goest gurgling through the grumbling  
gutter.

## SEPARATION.

---

THOU art lost to me for ever!

We must part, — whate'er the pain.  
A blight hath touched my passion-flower:  
It may not bloom again.

O'er the surface of the dial  
Should there pass one summer cloud,  
The moment, born in sunshine,  
Lieth cold within its shroud.

---

Like that cloud upon the dial  
Is a doubt across Love's way ;  
He would give up all life's future  
For that one lost sunny ray.

One shadow on the present,  
In the chain one tiny break,  
It will widen to infinity,  
Like a circle on a lake.

O'er Hope's moonlit summer ocean,  
Vainly wouldest thou look, once more  
To see Love's frail bark returning :  
Broken is his slender oar.

Hidden from him is that starbeam,  
By whose ray, so sad and soft,  
Seeing naught but joy before him,  
He hath wandered forth so oft.

Echoes of remembered hours  
Wander pensive through my soul;  
As through shadowy vales in summer  
Sighs the bell's funereal toll.

Thou art lost to me for ever!  
We must part,— whate'er the pain.  
A blight hath touched my passion-flower:  
It will not bloom again.

If any one doubts, in these transcendental, air-navigating, spirit-knocking, spontaneous-table-moving, caloric-engine-making, perpetual-motion-discovering days, the existence of the Fairies, I mourn for his material for happiness.

For my own part, I confess the weakness. 'T is a delicious reality, lying upon the dewy grass of a summer's night, with my heart so full of moonlight as to leave no resting-place for the two-and-two-make-four-isms of our sordid planet, the certainty that I hear tiny voices, and listen to the hardly possible plashings of infinitesimal feet dancing upon the moist leaves. Or that I feel some indivisible current of air created by the swinging of some little fellow from a nodding wild-flower. To me, therefore, much of interest attaches to

## THE FAIRY'S INVOCATION.

WHEN the bashful twilight wanders  
Through the drowsy dale,—  
When the breeze-kissed night-flower, waking,  
Lifts her dewy veil,—  
Come thou to our woodland dance !  
Where the gold-moss spreading  
Gently bends her velvet stock  
To our lightsome treading.

Listen ! thou down-weighed by care,  
'Pressed by burden weary ;  
Holy lesson mayst thou learn  
From a simple Fairy.  
When thy shattered spirit faints,  
Desolate and lonely ;  
When the future's clouded glass  
Mirrors sorrows only ; —

Come unto the silent wood !  
Let the fresh air woo thee ;  
In the cool, deep solitude,  
God shall whisper to thee.  
Words shall tremble on thy lips,  
Long, long since forsaken.  
Thy dark soul, from its eclipse,  
Shall to light awaken !

Leave thy sordid thoughts behind :  
All thy worldly lore  
Is not worth one purer thought  
From the days of yore.  
Blissful memory shall be  
Joy's dear satellite ;  
Visions, which for years had flown,  
Shall come back to-night.

Come ! when timid twilight wanders  
O'er the drowsy dale,

And the star-wooed night-flower, blushing,  
Draws her dewy veil.

Thou shalt ken the simple truths  
Which thy childhood cherished ;  
Thou shalt dream of simple things,  
World-despised, half perished.  
Then thy spirit shall rejoice  
O'er its broken chain,  
And thy mother's holy voice  
Sing to thee again.

---

### A PROVERB AMENDED.

---

“NECESSITY’s the mother of Invention”;—

The proverb reads well, but lacks common  
sense.

Necessity may have the best intention,

Yet all her throes conceive but impotence.

The captive, in his dreams, may prate of bliss,

The slave in chains may boast of happy hours,

A fool beseech an iceberg for a kiss,

A Laplander talk learnedly of flowers;

But all combined, Laplander, captive, fool,  
Approach not the sublime absurdity,  
Fit only for an idiot's Sunday school,  
That need could bring forth aught but misery.  
Necessity 's the father of despair !  
The Devil's shadow o'er a world of care.

TO THE HONORABLE — — —.

IN PROOF OF MY APPRECIATION OF THE PATRIOTIC AND  
DISINTERESTED MOTIVES WHICH PROMPTED HIS SLAN-  
DER OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Poor, weak adventurer! Like the insect fly  
Thy simple, suicidal course doth seem,  
Doomed, for thy perilous attack, to die;  
While, calm and steady, still shines forth the  
beam

Thou wouldst extinguish. From thy legal shelf,  
With contrite spirit, take the penal code,  
And pass a righteous judgment on thyself:  
'T will ease thy "conscience" of a heavy load.

Did fiery, fierce ambition lure thee on  
To climb and occupy the eagle's nest ?  
By thee that eyrie never can be won ;  
Nor can thine arrows e'er disturb his rest.

As well might some vain-glorious straw essay  
To check Niagara's resistless flow ;  
The stream, majestic, holds its mighty way ;  
The straw goes headlong to the scum below.

What couldst thou wish, expect, or hope to  
gain,  
By this so feeble yet malign attack ?  
The noble ship, which breasts the adverse main,  
Marks not the weed which lies across her  
track ;—

But on she moveth, battling storm and tide,  
Following the compass with her untired wing,

Nor heeds the barnacle which, at her side,  
The drowning weed maliciously may fling.

Go back to Education ! Get re-stored  
With school-boy classics ; for thou mayst,  
with profit.

Rejoin that social clique, well named the *bored*,  
Whilst thou remainedst Secretary of it.

Keep thy frail shallop within hail from shore;  
Let honesty of purpose be thy plan ;  
Study thy Bible ! go, and sin no more !  
And “ give the world assurance of a man.”

---

A P R I L.

HERALD of fly the first!

Who, for a moment, wakes and flaps his  
wings,

Then hurries back to dust,

As if he had affected marvellous things,—

April, all hail !

Ducks practise novel quacks

With German-sounding, awful variations,  
And make Greek-looking tracks

In the soft mud ; with quizzical gyrations,  
Shaking the tail.

Satire on the sex so fair !

It glads my heart to see thee once again.  
Half hope, and half despair ;

Now a stray sunbeam, now a shower of  
rain.

Give me thy cool, moist hand.

Old flirt, how piquant is thy oddity,  
Despotic, and yet not malicious fellow, —  
From morn till night no moral certainty,  
From hour to hour, if sun-shade or um-  
brella

Be in demand.

Amalgam curious,

Thy yearly frolic very soon begins ;  
When exquisites look furious,  
As your prime-minister addresses them (in  
thins),  
The cool sea-breeze.

School-girls to show their shapes

Doff the redoubtable, thick "Bay State"  
shawl,

To titter in lace capes.

You draw at sight on Boreas for a squall,  
When lo ! or fat or lean, or short or tall,  
Poor things ! they wheeze.

April, precarious,

Your race absurd will very soon be run.  
How uniform your pranks, and yet how vari-  
ous!

Can't you afford a little extra sun ?

Attempt it, pray !

We know your reign is short,

Sometimes, indeed, ridiculously so,  
Often not much more than would fill a quart.

These antics we endure, because we know  
What must come, *May*.

---

April! go on, go on!

Manage, in your own way, your own affairs;  
Smile half a minute and then frown;

And who the deuce d' you imagine cares  
For such stale fun?

Pardon! One thing I had forgotten;—

To beg that you would send old people warn-  
ing

(Who 've dropped their flannel, and adopted  
cotton)

Of that unmitigated breezer,

Which turns, at once, a bright, love-making  
morning

Into an overcoat-requiring sneezer.

I 've done.

---

THE LOVER'S REVIEW.

ONE calm summer night, by a magical spell,  
I summoned around me, with manifold fears,  
From city and hamlet, from dingle and dell,  
The wildering Loves of my earlier years.

The lights and the shadows, alternate, which  
stole  
Through my feverish brain, the delicious  
alarm,

The hopes, and the fears, which invaded my soul,  
As I anxiously watched the results of my  
charm,—

Were vainly imagined. The miser, who dreams  
Of those innocent hours, in boyhood's fresh  
day,

When his heart but reflected the sunniest  
beams,  
And no sin-darkened cloud threw a shade  
o'er his way,—

When, untrammelled by worldliness, happy  
and free,  
With no passion to calm, and no sorrow to  
tine,—

Unfettered by gold,— a faint emblem may be  
Of my exquisite joy with those young loves  
of mine.

The west-wind was fanning the twilight,—  
't was June ;  
With their dewy lids closed, the young  
flowers lay sleeping  
In scented repose 'neath the light of the moon;  
While Cupid and I our sweet vigils were  
keeping.

At length a low murmur of voices is heard,  
Like the languishing air amid blossoming  
trees,  
Or the soft cooing notes of the Paradise-bird,  
When her nest is disturbed by the wanton-  
ing breeze.

In a phalanx of loveliness beaming they  
come,  
Arrayed in the garb of those halcyon  
hours,

When the heart, half delirious, ventured to  
roam

Like a wandering bee through a garden of  
flowers.

There were — pardon me, Cupid! I will not  
disclose :

'T would be treason to name them, — unjust  
to thy cause.

Let them rest, in their loveliness, "under the  
rose"; —

Far be it from me to infringe on your laws.

They stayed but a moment, sweet May-morning  
friends!

Yes, one lingers yet, with a wreath on her  
brow

Of chastened and holy affection, which lends  
The light of the Past to the shadows of Now.

Bright visions of beauty ! how closely ye twine  
Round the reason of man, when the fancy  
hath flown,

As tendrils thrown out by the fond circling vine  
Still cling to the tree, although withered and  
lone !

As the Lyre Æolian, impassioned and fond,  
How gentle soever the impress may be,  
To the kiss of the Zephyr will sighing respond,  
When Zephyr hath wandered away to the  
sea, —

Thus my spirit responds where your presence  
hath been ;  
And a breath of the past hath a magic control,  
To startle glad memories again and again,  
To wake into music the Harp of the Soul!

---

SONNET.

---

I 'm very fond of Music, — can endure  
The rickety hand-organ's dismal moan, —  
Can, smiling, fee the ragged Troubadour  
To grind some pretty simple thing I've known  
And loved, in days irrevocably gone ;  
But have a horror of your midnight "tooter," —  
The wretch who wakes you from a happy dream  
Of some sweet feminine, and leaves you  
neuter,

Doubtful of all things, present, past, or future,  
Changing your golden visions into pewter.  
Roused from your sleep, you question if a  
scream  
From some poor div'l, wandering with a  
view to —  
No matter what. This vile despotic rule  
Stops me just here. A Sonnetteer 's a fool!

TO — — .

FOR HIS MALICIOUS, THOUGH RIDICULOUSLY HARMLESS,  
ATTACK UPON DANIEL WEBSTER.

VAIN Poet ! when thy halting Muse  
Hath hobbled through her brief career ;  
And come, at last, to be of use,  
In more appropriate (*grocer*) sphere ; —

When thy blunt pen hath spattered forth  
All thy beclouded brain could utter ; —  
When all thy inspirations live,  
But as transparencies on butter ; —

When all which wittiest thou deem'st,  
With thee, in nameless grave, shall rot,  
And no one, save thy creditors,  
Or starving wolf, shall find the spot ; —

The simplest hint, the tiniest word,  
The Patriot to the world hath given,  
Shall be, compared with aught of thine,  
As brilliant as a star in heaven.

Selfish, thou canst appreciate not  
Disinterestedness sublime,  
Nor comprehend the arch of thought  
Which overspans the stream of time.

LOVE IS THE LIGHTEST.

TO A LADY WITH A PICTURE REPRESENTING CUPID IN  
THE SCALES OUTWEIGHED BY A BUTTERFLY.

O who so dull as need be told  
That Love is light when weighed with gold?  
A fragment of a miser's dream  
Will make poor Cupid kick the beam.

The breeze which with the summer sea  
Dallies and flirts inconstantly,  
And then flies laughing to the shore,  
Leaving her pensive as before,—

The dew-drop, which, at twilight hour,  
Makes love to the exhausted flower,  
But falsely, with the next sun's ray,  
In exhalation floats away,—

Are weightier,— nor so fickle quite,  
As that capricious, wingèd sprite.  
Doubtest thou, Lady? prithee weigh him,—  
A butterfly will e'en betray him.

If you should capture him at last,  
Take my advice, secure him fast:  
I 've known full many a luckless maid  
Who lost him ere he could be weighed.

---

E P I G R A M.

---

No one believes the Commonwealth.  
'T is plain the reason why, man ;  
It speaks the truth by accident,  
And not from any good intent,  
Because its very life and health  
Depend upon a Ly-man.

---

ART THOU READY?

DEATH cometh where he chooseth;  
Hath he not prescriptive right?  
To the scholar, as he museth  
O'er his classic toil at night,—

Or to worn and weary labor,  
Done by muscle, not by mind.  
The rich man's gold, the poor man's prayer,  
He giveth to the wind.

The prayer he may not stop to hear:

'T is not for Death to wait.

His "pale horse" pricketh up his ear,

And paweth at the gate!

The gold he cannot stoop to count:

Onward his march he keeps.

"What need?" says Death; "the sorrowing heir

Will count it, ere he sleeps."

To the proud and stately warrior

He shouteth, in the fight,

"Falchion, and dirk, and scimitar,

Each is my satellite!"

At the elbow of the statesman,

Like a statue, doth he stand,

Waiting for the latest proof-sheet,

Ready to pour out his sand.

“ ‘T is my last triumphant effort ! ”

Says the statesman. Loud and clear,  
(In advance) he heard the plaudits  
Which Ambition loves to hear.

“ ‘T is thy last triumphant effort ! ”

Echoed Death. The coming morn,  
Shrouded in his glorious effort,  
Is the dying statesman \* borne !

Thus, where he wills, he goeth.

Unchallenged he may pass ;  
He moweth down the sentinel,  
And muttereth, “ Flesh is grass ! ”

Prompteth he sad, yet wholesome thought,  
Wherever he may come ;

---

\* Death of the Earl of Chatham in the House of Lords.

---

To him who ponders as he ought,  
The warning reaches home.

“ Be thou ready ! ” is his sermon,  
To which life is but the text.  
Art thou ready ? Quick determine !  
Thine may be the summons next !

## D R E A M S .

---

“ I grant that dreams are idle things,  
    Yet have I known a few  
To which my faithful memory clings,  
    They were so warm and true.”

---

CALL those not “idle things” which rise  
    Like stars when day is done,  
And all life’s dull realities  
    Are to oblivion gone ;  
Which nestle in the heart of care,  
    And chime forgotten music there.

---

Memory's dear self is but a dream,  
When she would fondly borrow  
The darling thoughts of happier hours  
To weave into her sorrow,—  
Embalming thus life's hopes and fears,  
The joys of youth, the woes of years.

Yet who would lose the flight sublime  
Which oft to dreams is given ;  
The sweet forgetfulness of time,  
The stolen glimpse of heaven,  
When the pure soul, unchained and free,  
Converses with her destiny ?

Sweet as the moonlight's placid sleep  
Upon the storm-tired ocean,  
Or far-off music fitsful heard,  
Like waking joys in motion,

---

Is that delicious dream, which brings  
To wearied man an angel's wings ; —

Which leads him back to earlier days,  
With golden chain enwreathed with flowers ;  
While, through an atmosphere of tears,  
The rainbow of that halcyon time,  
With its bright promise, glows before him,  
And hope and youth are bending o'er him !

The Autumn wind, which sadly grieves  
O'er Summer's prostrate glories,  
And sighs upon the dying leaves  
Illuminated stories,  
With ruthless hand, at midnight hour,  
Doth desecrate young Summer's bower, —

Leaving her with dishevelled hair,  
And russet mantle wet with showers,

To shiver, in the chilly air,  
Upon her bed of withered flowers,  
Her sunny joy of yesterday,  
A dream, a vision, past away.

'T is all a dream! from first to last,  
Earth, ocean, sky, wind, cloud, and star,  
The shadowy future, and the past,  
Alike mysterious are.  
Who thinks to read it does but err:  
Death, Death, is the interpreter!

TO ——.

---

IN a quaint book ("horresco referens!") I saw  
The very last thing I was looking for.  
The idea was this: none but a fool (since  
Milton  
His valuable ink the Sonnet spilt on)  
Has condescended to waste brains and time  
On just precisely fourteen lines of rhyme.  
Now, were I *haughty-cultural* in my natur,  
I 'd pray that rot might seize such *common-*  
*tatur* ;

---

But as I write for neither fame nor pelf,  
I claim the right to criticize myself.  
For all your sneering critics, small or big,  
I have respect as for the learned pig :  
Many a one, who through his stupid Epic  
whines,  
Had wiser been to stop at the first *thirteen* lines.

---

### J E A L O U S Y.

---

ONE winter's eve, so doth this story go,  
(If true or false none save the Spinsters  
know,) Three Spinsters, to beguile their loneliness,  
Sat down to read the history of "Queen  
Bess." They ranted o'er poor Mary's grievous  
wrongs; They snuffed the candle, and they  
jammed the tongs

Between the bars of the insensate grate,  
To exhaust their superfluity of hate.  
At last, becoming perfectly subdued,  
They pardoned e'en the "soubriquet" of  
"good,"  
Sneered at her manly virtues, called her  
"Bloomer,"  
And really broached a vein of dried-up  
humor,  
Sat, like three vital parchments, side by side,  
Laughing at their own wit until they  
cried.  
And thus they might, could, would, or  
should have done,  
But something suddenly disturbed their  
fun.  
The rash historian styled her "Virgin Queen"!  
This roused anew their ire; this stirred  
their spleen.

---

They had endured all but the final touch,  
Had almost pardoned; but this was too much.  
In an unguarded moment, they, forsooth,  
Urged on by passion (at the expense of truth),  
Swore each, "By those inseparable twins of  
Siam !  
" Queen Bess ? No more a virgin was Queen  
Bess than I am !"

### THE WARNING.

---

BATTLE is waging ! Sin is the foe.

Rests it with thee if thou win it or no :  
Fight it thou must. Gird for the strife !

'T is humanity's portion, the errand of life.

Bind on thine armor ! Stand, and be true !

Stand by the faithful though they be the few.  
Lay down thy fears when thou liftest thy sword ;  
When thou art faltering, think of thy Lord !

---

Doubt not! 'tis weakness. Hope! it is strength.  
Pray! and thy foe thou shalt conquer at  
length.

Follow thy soul! It shall lead thee aright,  
From error, through darkness, to wisdom and  
light!

Boldly meet trial! Count not the loss.  
Think of thy Master, his sufferings, his cross;  
Humbly proclaim the dictation of Faith;  
Calmly await the decision of Death.

### EGOTISM OF THE LETTER R.

---

I DWELL in the forest, deserted and lone,  
Yet kings must allow me a part of their  
throne.  
My favor is courted ; for I have the means,  
By mere absence, to change all their friends  
into fiends !

Revolutions may come, and adversities lower  
On political states, still I 'm ever in power ;  
In the centre of earth, I inhabit the air ;  
The leader in revels, am constant in prayer.

I 'm never in sadness, though alway in sorrow ;  
No part of to-day, am one fourth of to-morrow ;  
In your frolics for aye, never mingle in joys ;  
In riots unceasing, retire from noise.

I dwell with romance, tho' I vanish from fiction ;  
No sage, yield my part to the prophet's pre-  
diction ;  
To rapture essential, I fly from delight ;  
And the dweller in darkness, ne'er habit with  
night.

Never known among plants, yet in each fragrant  
flower ;  
Not an instant of time, at the close of each  
hour ;  
For aye in your power, though out of your view,  
Forming part of your pleasure and misery  
too.

---

In the brook's tiny ripple, Niagara's roar,—

In the crest of the breaker that folds to the  
shore;

With the sweet serenade, and in discord's rude  
jar,

The war-shouting clarion, the love-tuned  
guitar.

In the sunrise of Life, in the darkness of Death;

With the Summer's warm breeze, in the  
Winter's chill breath;

For ever in right, still as oft in the wrong;

And though living in harmony, dying in song.

---

A P O T H E O S I S .

---

THOU model Statesman! sacrificing self  
Upon the altar of thy country's good,—  
Hating corruption, and despising pelf,—  
Yet how misconstrued, how misunderstood!

A martyr to thy patriotic zeal,  
“Without desire for office,” or for spoils,—  
Desiring nothing save thy country's weal,  
“Conscience” alone encouraging thy toils.

Thy “personal wishes dreading to forego,”  
Thou view’st with horror that forensic strife,  
Which must disturb the quiet, even flow  
Of “ideas cherished from thine earliest  
life.”

No viperous malignity is thine;  
No malice tinges aught thy lips impart;  
Sweet charity doth shed her ray divine  
On every issue from thy noble heart.

They know thee not who think thou wouldest  
aspire,  
With wild ambition’s feverish wings, to fly;  
Thy spiritual longings bear thee higher  
Than the base promptings of the pronoun I!

Retiring, modest, motive none hast thou  
Which to that “higher law” doth not refer,

To whose dictation all alike must bow,  
Each for himself the just interpreter!

Now "*serius in cælum redeas !*"

Freely translated, may the world unborn  
View thee, as thou thyself dost view, the star  
Which heraldeth Millennium's glorious  
morn!

### MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

---

In eighteen hundred thirty-nine,  
Great Britain came to draw a line  
On our Northeastern border.  
And drew it at so "fash" a rate,  
We swore the compass was n't straight,  
But sadly out of order.

Now Johnny never stopped to think  
How very subtile was the link  
'Twixt friendship and dissension.

He ordered out a hireling band,  
Thinking to " squat " upon the land,  
And 'stablish his pretension.

At this Old " Maine " a " posse " sent,  
With legal views, and good intent,  
Hinting, " We think you are wrong, Sir.  
We 'll therefore keep our bounds, d 'ye see,  
Until the higher ' powers that be '  
Say where we do belong, Sir."

Then Johnny began to fret and fume,  
Like a ten-million power-loom,  
A little out of gearing;  
Vowed by " Quebec and Waterloo "  
(Not " Bunker Hill," that would 'nt do)  
He ne'er would be dictated to,  
Nor would he grant a hearing.

He took our Sheriff, head and tail,  
And locked him up in Frederick jail,  
To ruminate a little.

Swift as a flash! to light there spring,  
Of war tools, almost everything,  
Drums, tenor, bass, and kettle.

Fifers, who never fifed before,  
Fife, fife, until their lips are sore,  
And then attempt to whistle.

E'en Patriotism goes so far,  
That little boys scream out "huzza!"  
And pigs begin to bristle!

Most furious resolutions pass,  
That cannon, pewter, lead, and brass  
Be scoured and put in order.  
Words, tempest-stirred, begin to rise,

---

With something like a “D—n your eyes,  
You can’t chalk out our border!”

The Legislature of the State,  
Convened, in feverish debate,  
“Resolves it is invaded”!

The Sheriff’s injuries to atone,  
They must make captures three for one,  
And them treat as him they did.

Johnny now turns his Red-coats out, —  
Mars Hill is changed to a redoubt  
In the “twinkling of your e’en.”  
Lord Pompous mounts his sodger cap,  
Pretending that he longs to rap  
The Yankees for the Queen.

But Yankee lads are bold and true!  
“Backed up” by Yankee-doodle-doo,

They overflow with "gloria."  
So to the border quick they went,  
Shouting, "God save our President!  
And the (?) take Victoria!"

When matters had advanced thus far,  
And Asses still were braying war,  
Old Common Sense, quite nettled,  
Said, "Wait a wee, let 's understand  
The title to this bit of land ;  
Then, when that point is settled,

" If Britain's wrong, yet will not yield,  
Gird on your arms, by flood and field,  
As your sires have done before you.  
Invincible shall be your might,  
With freemen battling for the right,  
And Freedom's banner o'er you!"

The whole thing seemed to flash at once  
On all the world. The veriest dunce  
Said Common Sense is right. "For  
Until the wise ones have found out  
What all this hubbub is about,  
The De'il is there to fight for."

## WAKE FROM THY SLUMBERS !

## A SERENADE.

WAKE from thy slumbers ! Music is stealing,  
Plaintive and sad, 'mid the murmuring trees.  
Wake ! the sweet flowers of the night are un-  
sealing

Their lips to the wooing breeze.

Love breathes in music :

List to the low Serenade !

Open thy lattice ! The young moon has given  
Her sorrowing smile to the world ;  
No cloud to o'ershadow her pathway in heaven,  
Not a wave by the languid breeze curled.

Open thy lattice, Love!

Hark! 't is for thee, only thee!

Sleep, lady, sleep! May these votive numbers  
Be to thy dreams as the dew to the rose;  
May visions of Eden be inwoven with thy  
slumbers,

And angels watch o'er thy repose.

Sleep, lady, sleep!

Hushed is the low Serenade!

The moon has gone down in the shadowy west;  
The echo has died, like a wave on the shore.  
O would I were music, to soothe thee to rest,  
To have thus my influence sweetly confest!

But, alas! I must gaze and adore.

Lady, farewell!

Music may woo thee alone!

E P I G R A M .

TO A PAPER-MAKING FRIEND, WHO COMPLAINED OF THE  
HIGH PRICE OF JUNK !

THE Spring is opening fresh and green,  
The wild-bird carols in the air;  
Yet what to thee the sylvan scene,  
If junk, dear junk, be wanting there?

The frogs upon the river's edge,  
The tortoise on the qld tree's trunk,  
Before they dive among the sedge,  
Satirically murmur, "Junk!"

I mourn with thee, sincerely mourn,  
My paper-making, junkless friend ;  
Sure mortal man ne'er trod this earth  
More worthy of a good rope's-end !

### THE GORED HUNTER.

---

THE beautiful simplicity of the school of poetry which I have attempted respectfully to imitate in "The Gored Hunter," has often struck me forcibly, while undergoing the perusal of many of \_\_\_\_\_'s compositions. Who can resist, for instance, the stern, uncompromising integrity, and regard for truth, where the narrator, in his description of the person of the hunter (stanza second), says :

"I measured only with my *eye*,  
And therefore am not *sure*"?

As the description of the hunter's dress and peculiar appearance proceeds, so plain and unimaginative is it, that a child may comprehend it as easily as he would a bowl of milk and water, or the last edition of \_\_\_\_\_.

This, I consider, should be the true standard of

poesy. Instead of floating on the wings of Fancy, in the region of rainbow and star,—holding transcendental interviews with “music, moonlight, love, and flowers,” the Muse should depend, for the interest she may awaken, upon the most common incidents of every-day life.

In lieu of dipping her pencil in the pollen of the wild-flower, and her pen in mountain-dew, she should select a quill from some matronly goose, and a bottle of writing-fluid from “Maynard and Noyes.” As an emblem (to aid her throes for inspiration), her fountain, the inkstand, should represent, not Petrarch’s demoralizing device, the sensual and soul-destroying Cupid, but a correct representation of a beefsteak and pancakes!

This latter emblem would exert manifold wholesome influences over the poet. In the first place, it would inevitably remind him of his mortal inevitability, by suggesting to him that he must eat to live, and therefore cannot be spiritual wholly.

Secondly, it is a practical *tableau*, suggestive of the agricultural interest and the enormous price of flour. In this way, indirectly, operating as a check upon his physical extravagance, and thus naturally enough controlling his mental profusion, by hinting

---

to him the propriety of economy in his ideas. To any one familiar with the physiological fact of the intimate connection between the mental and physical, this corollary must be perfectly satisfactory.

---

#### THE HUNTER'S RESIDENCE.

WITHIN a mountain's rugged wilds  
(As rugged as could be),  
With heart just like a little child's,  
A hunter lived, you see.

#### HIS STATURE.

This hunter-man was six feet high,  
Perhaps an inch or more; —  
I measured only with my *eye*,  
And therefore am not sure.

#### DETAIL OF FEATURES, ETC.

His face was long, and brown, and thin,  
His eye was gray and small;

---

I know not if he had a chin,—  
He never shaved at all!

HIS ECCENTRICITY.

For why? — This ancient hunter-man  
In ignorance did grope;  
A razor he did never see,  
He would have eaten soap!

HIS TOILET.

His cap was made of tiger's head  
(The skin-side was within),  
And just three inches from his nose  
The tiger's teeth did grin.

MORE TOILET.

His coat, it was of buffalo:  
The tail hung down behind,  
Save when the breeze did furious blow,  
Then flirted with the wind.

## MORE TOILET.

His pants and waistcoat were of bear,—  
This quaint eccentric stager,—  
Astronomers have christened him  
“Terrestrial *Ursa Major*”!

## HIS COMPANION.

A hound he had, this hunter had,  
A hound as white as snow;  
Unto the woods, in company,  
Full daily did they go.

## HIS CAUTION.

Around his neck a bugle-horn  
This hunter-man would fling,  
And (lest he might the bugle lose)  
He tied it with a string.

## THE KIND OF STRING.

The string, it was a sinew strong  
From out a killèd deer

---

Which he had shot. Can't say how long;  
It may have been a year.

HIS SYSTEM.

His wont it was, as I have said,  
Full daily out to go,  
(With his white hound in company,)  
For deer or buffalo.

DEVOTION TO THE CHASE.

The woods did echo every day  
The bugle's thrilling sound,  
The hound was ne'er without the man,  
The man without the hound.

MORTALITY SUGGESTED.

But nature is a feeble thing,  
However strong it be,  
And e'en the stalworth hunter-man  
To Death must bow the knee.

## MORTALITY PROVED.

One day, as he a hunting was,  
(I 've said that twice before,)  
A wounded buffalo, full mad,  
Attacked, and did him gore.

## HIS LONELY CONDITION.

No friendly voice to breathe a prayer,—  
No fifty \* on each eye,—  
He wrapped him in his shroud of hair,  
And laid him down to die.

## THE MYSTERY.

What thoughts did agitate his breast,  
As dying there he lay,  
The hunter-man himself knew best,  
And he did never say.

---

\* A *transcendental* allusion to the extravagant custom of placing half-dollars on the eyelids.

## THE EXPLANATION.

When we assert he nothing said,  
We mean no one did hear him:  
'T was some time after he was dead,  
Before a soul came near him.

## MORAL COURAGE.

But this we know. The hunter took  
His bugle from his side,  
And, "clapping" it up to his mouth,  
He blew it till he died.

## THE GHOST.

Upon that anniversary,  
(So saith his friend, McDougle,)  
The spectre of the hunter-man  
Doth come with hound and bugle!

And the desolate midnight woods are stirred,  
as the awful chorus there is heard,  
Of roaring bulls, and hunter's groans,— the  
rattling of bleaching bones,—  
And that unearthly, fearful sound, the howling  
of a starving hound.

T O ——.

---

LIFE is quite Gothic. Don't you think so,  
Mary?

Particularly on a moonlight night, in June.  
Objects, the most familiar, oddly vary  
'Neath those pale beams. Like a wild harp,  
in tune,  
The heart goes dancing to its own mad measure,  
And times flies by unreckoned. Who could  
hear

The clock's dull warning, when the Siren,  
Pleasure,

Was breathing dreamy nonsense in his ear?  
I may be an exception to the rule  
Which governs careful plodders, but I  
could n't

(Proving myself a sentimental fool).

Thus Cupid took the reins, as reason would  
n't.

Delicious theme! one might write years upon it,  
But fourteen lines just constitute a sonnet.

---

TO MY STEEL PEN.

---

My unassuming "Perryan,"  
I venerate thee much ;  
So prompt art thou at my command,  
So firm and steady in the hand,  
Yet pliant to the touch.

Still more I prize thee, that, although  
A constant service lending,  
Thou toilst on from day to day,

And, seize upon thee when I may,  
Thou ne'er requirest mending.

“ Old fogie clerks ” awhile may sneer,  
Calling thee innovation ;  
Yet naught they say can harm thy weal :  
Armed to the teeth, with points of steel,  
Thou guard’st thy reputation !

Quill-drivers still may scoff at thee :  
A fig for their abuse !  
Tell them, though “ Goosey’s ” noisy clack  
Once saved Imperial Rome from sack,  
Greater, “ thou sav’st the goose ” !

Be thou to me a friend, in need ;  
A monitor and guide,  
When thought would roam without control,

And barter dignity of soul  
For vanity and pride.

If I should ever be induced,  
To hold thee such a course,  
Seize thou my traitorous hand, and shake it;  
Blot every letter, as I make it;  
Keep hinting me until I take it;  
But, check me, e'en by force!

### STARS AND FLOWERS.

---

STARS, which in the voiceless air  
Twinkle brightly !  
While this speck of toil and care  
Dreameth, nightly,  
Glowing messengers are ye of love,  
Beacon-fires, to invoke our gaze above !

Stars ! they tell me ye are worlds :  
Is it true ?

Does this sordid spot appear  
Luminous to you ?  
Do you watch thus pensively for our birth in  
heaven ?  
Do we seem to you to twinkle every Summer's  
even ?

Tell us, gentle Star ! Reveal  
What our souls would know :  
We have need of holier influence  
Here below.  
Solve the mystery : we should be more angelic  
far,  
Couldst thou prove it to be true, gentle Star !

Flowers, of thousand varied dyes,  
Delicately dight,  
Wherein the Queen Fairy lies  
Through the dewy night, —

---

Each a gorgeous paradise for the bee,  
And the phantom humming-bird's treasury,—

Flowers, to me how oft ye seem

(Fancy blended)

Fragments of a seraph's dream,

Heaven-descended ;

Painted thoughts from spheres unknown, never  
spoken ;

Fragrant apotheoses of young hearts broken.

Stars ! ye have been thought, by some,

Angel's eyes,

Gazing on their earthly home

From the skies.

Stay ! and tremble where ye are, in those  
brilliant bowers :

Pale would grow your purer fires in this world  
of ours.

Stars ! unnumbered, numberless,  
Shining brightly now ;  
Beautiful as when ye first  
Sparkled on Night's brow ;  
Moving on, in majesty, through the ceaseless  
years,  
Circling to the chime harmonious of the  
spheres ; —

Flowers ! hiding in the untrodden wood,  
Or flaunting in saloon ;  
Sleeping 'neath a gilded tent,  
Or smiled on by the moon ;  
Precious, if ye bloom and fade on the far hill-  
side,  
Or upon the silken tress of the blushing bride ; —

None can comprehend the whole  
Of your meaning.

No ! the most inspired soul

Is but glean ing.

Star ! in the night-air blooming ; Flower !

shining in the sod ; —

Ye are poetic magnets, ever drawing us to  
God !

## SONNET TO \_\_\_\_.

A RESPONSE TO "AIRS FROM PANDEMONIUM"; WHICH  
WAS A REPLY TO MY "SONNET TO THE DIV'L."

DEAR \_\_\_\_ 't was d—sh kind of you  
To act as Satan's private secretary.  
So "brusque," and promptly, you re-  
sponded too,  
You must be intimate;—we may add  
*very*.

Much do we fear, judging by these revealings,  
That, actuated by the best intention,  
Infernally we 've trifled with your feelings.

Pardon! we crave. And here would  
proudly mention,  
Should Congress need an Embassy to —  
Ten thousand friends would gladly recom-  
mend you.  
No one could represent us there so well!  
They would rejoice to see, as we to  
send you.  
If you should go, as bearer of despatches,  
Tell Lucifer we 're almost out of matches!

---

THE FIRST FLY,—AND THE MORAL.

---

Good Morrow, harbinger of Spring!  
Why need you keep up such a strumming?  
You'd better fold your shivering wing,  
And stop that hypocritic humming.

You'll suffer many a cold day yet,  
When April clouds the sun have hidden.  
Your eyes look dull, your feet are wet;  
Go back! and sleep till you are bidden.

There 's not a fly, save you, has dared  
To peep from out his hiding-place ;  
And we could very well have spared  
Your solemn phiz and chilly grace.

Poor thing ! it makes me sad to see  
You thus each ray of sunshine seizing.  
Rubbing your hands, as if in glee,  
Forgetting that I heard you sneezing.

Courage, my friend ! Regret were vain.  
Philosophize, until it 's warmer,  
And thus the coming year may gain  
A wholesome lesson from the former.

When, standing round the glass's brink,  
Your jolly Summer friends you see,  
How cheap you 'll feel whene'er they drink  
“ The Spring of eighteen fifty-three ! ”

**MORAL.**

There's many a man, like that poor fly,  
Whose whole existence has been cursed  
By that same foolish vanity,  
A mad ambition to be first.

### THE LOVER TO HIS BOUQUET.

---

'T is said that flowers can talk as well  
As lovers can, or better; —  
That Flora makes each scented bell  
To represent a letter.

Then go, thou blest interpreter !  
Speak for me, bright " bouquet,"  
And whisper low in Mary's ear  
On this her natal day.

Speed on your happy embassy,  
Freighted with precious lore.

On each of you is Cupid's seal;  
Fly, sweet Chargés d'Amour !

Tell her the love I fain would tell ;  
Bless her for those stolen hours ;  
And pray her not to break the spell  
Which binds us now, sweet flowers.

Oh ! when she folds you to her breast,  
Be redolent of me ;  
Lightly upon that Eden rest,  
As starlight on the sea.

Twine ye amid her dark brown hair,  
Clasp ye those silken tresses ;  
Ye cannot make her brow more fair,  
With your gay summer dresses.

---

Mingle, with hers, your scented sighs,—  
Wreathe ye her dreams by night;  
Or wake her with a soft surprise.  
Haste, Love's pure satellite!

Breathe low the thought I fain would tell;  
Bless her for those stolen hours:  
And pray her not to break the spell  
Which binds us now, sweet flowers!

GENTLY! GENTLY!

---

GENTLY! gently! Shouldst thou see  
Something which disturbeth thee,  
Treat it not disdainfully!  
Thou mayst have misunderstood.  
With thine own unhappy mood,  
That thou seest may be imbued.  
Gently! gently!

Gently! gently! Never fear.  
What though discord shock thine ear:

---

'T is to be expected here.  
In thy soul a Harp doth lie,  
Fraught with Heaven's own melody:  
Try its soothing harmony.  
Gently! gently !

Gently ! gently ! To thy taste  
Much shall seem impure, unchaste ;  
Yet determine not in haste.  
Oft the palate may be crude  
And in fault, and not the food.  
Thy decision may be rude.  
Gently! gently !

## L I N E S

ON BRACKETT'S GROUP, "THE SHIPWRECKED MOTHER AND CHILD."

STILL faithful to thy trust!

Still clinging, with that fond, undying love,  
To the frail dust

Consigned thee from above!

The mighty Spirit of the Gale

Bade navies shattered lie;

Yet severed not those links so frail,

Broke not that silken tie.

---

Closer, and closer, press that lifeless form  
To thy cold, pulseless heart!  
Vainly would strive the elemental storm  
That golden chain to part.

Mother! — the mightiness of that soft name  
No words express ;  
The ocean could not quench that holy flame  
Of lambent tenderness.

“ God, to the gentle lamb,  
The wind doth temper in sweet harmony ”;  
And sure I am  
Angels are watching for thy child and thee !

Beautiful emblem ! how dost thou control  
(As 't were a human picture there)  
The holiest emotions of the soul !  
Inspirèd, marble prayer !

### WHAT 'S FAME?

---

UPON Cunaxa's silent field,  
Broken, the war-car lies ;  
And swinging from its carvèd wheel,  
Regardless of the scythe of steel,  
The spider doth his web unreel  
Beneath the quiet skies.

Pulseless is now that countless host,  
Which reaped Death's harvest-plain.

---

Their splendor is a doubtful boast,—  
A lighthouse on a desert coast;  
The heroes are but phantoms, tost  
Upon the historic main.

As something mythical we read,  
Upon the dusky page,  
Of lofty thought, and daring deeds,—  
Of armor proof, and barbed steeds,—  
And trophies, now but faded weeds  
Of the Homeric age!

Thus, every coming age shall deem  
The records of the past  
But leaves from an enthusiast's dream,  
So insignificant shall seem  
Each tiny thought, each puny scheme,  
Once deemed so vast!

E'en now, in visions, we may see  
Strange people stand,  
(Not worshipping, as worship we,  
Mere pioneers in Liberty,  
But more exalted and more free,)  
Chanting some new philosophy,  
To them more grand!

ARE YOU A "CONNOISSEUR" IN LOVE?

---

STROLLING one Summer's afternoon,  
('T was sultry rather,)  
A sweet, voluptuous day in June,  
Young rose-bud weather; —

Alone? O no! half fainting, on my arm  
Leant a fair vision.  
I said, not meaning any harm,  
This is Elysian!

Alluding to the Pastoral, of course,—

Flower, cloud, and sky,—  
And to the river sparkling by.

My words had in them no peculiar force;  
Why then that sigh?

'T was evident a mystery of life  
Had crossed my way.

What right had I to dream of that word, Wife?  
What could I say?

We loitered by that river's wooded shore,  
('T was wooded then,)  
'T will wear the Eden semblance which it wore,  
Never again!

Knew we not what was said, our thought  
revealing;  
Crept over me a numbness.

My voice deserted me. Then came a feeling  
    Of dreamy dumbness.

Spoke we not. Understood we still the more.  
    Without advice,  
We launched our bark, from that romantic  
    shore,  
For Paradise!

And here we are! Nor look we with regret  
    Back to those hours.  
Together talk we of that greenwood yet,  
    Still scent we those wild-flowers.

### THE CHALLENGE.

---

WOULD you your love with mine compare?  
I could write sonnets by the ream,  
To prove to you how much more fair  
Is the dear idol of my dream!

Her dark hair shades a brow all light;  
Her voice is like a saint's guitar;  
Her step is free as mountain sprite;  
Her eye is soft as twilight star!

Were I a bee, no scented flower  
Could tempt me from her rosy lip.  
Through each intoxicating hour,  
My feast ambrosial would I sip.

O, were I but that "Satin Basque"!  
I'd clasp her tightly all the day;  
No other boon my heart would ask,  
Unless — I mean — that is to say,—

Her heart o'erflows with tenderness;  
Her soul, with sentiment and song;  
Her laugh is like a wild-bird's note,  
Echoing the leafy woods among.

Compare not, then, your love with mine;  
My Muse has an exhaustless theme.  
Beauty and Wit and Song combine  
To form the idol of my dream!

---

### A VALENTINE.

---

THIS Valentine, selected from a number of the same genus, is published at the earnest request of a committee of little counsellors, who have been unceremoniously peeping into my loose papers.

I feel assured that my little fairy friend, to whom it is addressed, will pardon the doubtful immortality with which she is invested by my (hitherto unknown) Muse, as she is so certain of a saintly immortality in a higher and a purer sphere than this.

---

### TO LITTLE MADDIE.

My pale, pure, chaste anemone,  
Unveil those soft, dark eyes !

I fain would dream of Paradise,  
And Eden's moonlit skies.

You cannot read, sweet Valentine,  
You cannot even speak ;  
Your loving mother's soothing words  
To your tiny ears are Greek.

But she 'll read it you, Maddie,  
While you look up, and crow ;  
Which means you understand it all ;  
Dear Cupid told me so.

Send back some little sign, darling,  
If nothing but " Ah goo ! "  
'T will keep my heart from wandering  
Away from love and you.

Should Mamma, with love so wary,  
Ask, " Who dare to send you this ? "

Why, of course, it was a fairy,  
And he sealed it with a kiss.

I saw him when he penned it,  
With a moonbeam dipped in dew;  
I but copied it, and send it,  
As his Valentine, to you.

### R E V E R I E S.

---

THERE are hours, delicious hours,  
When this world doth seem  
Like a fairy isle of flowers  
Floating in a dream ;  
When life's shadow, and its tear,  
Seem, like morning mist,  
Heavenward to disappear,  
By the sunbeam kissed.

---

We hear joyous, gladsome voices  
Echoing all day long ;  
And the wildered sense rejoices  
In their happy song.  
Time's sad reapers, one by one,  
With their emblems hoary,  
Whisper, as each passes on,  
Some romantic story.

Words are senseless then. The Muse,  
Wrapt in deep devotion,  
Her poetic power doth lose  
In her wild emotion.  
Thoughts arise too clear for words,  
To the spirit given.  
Music breathes, whose sister chords  
Have their place in heaven.

There 's a language holier far  
Than was ever spoken,  
When the rays from some pure star,  
Through the leaves in-broken,  
Tell us of that fairer clime  
Past the blue depth o'er us,  
Where the flower-wreathed wheels of Time  
Move to angel chorus !

Come to me, sweet reveries !  
Come, at day's decline,  
When all sordid feeling sleeps  
In this heart of mine.  
Let the wings of your impressions  
Fan the soul's repose,  
As the west wind cools and freshens  
The exhausted rose.

“GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH ! ”

No. II.

THE half-grown lawyer, with his mind as green  
As that big satchel, borne each weary day  
O'er dusty pavement,—oftentimes, I ween,  
Containing luncheon purchased on the way ;  
(More easy of digestion, to the swain,  
Of mental food or physical, the latter ;  
His stomach is more active than his brain,  
The use of one makes leaner, 't other  
fatter;) —

The half-grown lawyer, with his thoughts as  
crude,

As rough and corky, as a turnip raw,  
Doth prate, in awful majesty of mood,  
About the length and breadth and depth of  
law.

"Doubteth the ruling of the learned judge,"—  
"Taketh exception to the power of court,"—  
Meets a grave question with a Free Soil  
"Fudge!"

And boldly says, "Commissioners are  
bought!"

Not yet content, he wanders forth amain,  
A roving maniac; innocent and weak,  
Too frail and harmless to require a chain,  
Of would-be terribles a monstrous freak!  
Makes any statements, heedless of the fact,—  
Strutting and fretting like a jealous rooster;—

Defends himself before he is attacked,  
And all to astonish the quiet town of Worcester!  
Ignores to-day what yesterday he said,  
(For smouldering now are all his brimstone fires,)  
Swearing, by all the hair upon his head,  
"That the reporters are a pack of liars!"  
From such weak slanderers, crazy or in health,  
It needs no "God" to save the Commonwealth!

## I DREAMED THAT I WAS YOUNG AGAIN!

---

I DREAMED that I was young again !

O blissful dream ! The world before me !

Once more to tread youth's violet plain,

"Cupid" and "Psyche" fluttering o'er me !

Love led me to his tempting bowers,

And, pointing with his arrow back,

Through smiles and tears, and withered  
flowers,

Which overarched life's trodden track,

Says, " Whisper me what you will do, —

Your journey bright has just begun ;

Shall you the selfsame course pursue?

Will your heart beat as it hath done?"

Then (with a confidential "Harry!

I think I've heard you had a wife?")

He says, "Confess now, would you marry,

Could you live o'er again your life?"

Assuming now a look demure,

He feigned to be serenely thinking

(Although I heard him laugh, I'm sure,

And once or twice I caught him winking.)

He bade me follow to a fount,

Wherein was silver water shining,

Near which, upon a mossy mount,

Myriads of beauties lay reclining.

When, lo! as in a mirror bright,

Upon that fount's clear surface shone,

The ghosts, in robes of stainless white,  
Of my flirtations. Forty-one!

“ Be quick ! ” says Love, “ I may not stay  
While logically you determine.  
I ’ve many calls to make to-day ;  
You ’re but to answer ‘ yea ’ or ‘ nay,’  
I wait no prosy sermon.”

I trembled. In succession passed —  
O sweet review ! — each lovely face,  
And still the loveliest the last ;  
All wore that unpretending grace  
Of earlyhood. So brightly gleamed  
Visions of darlings past away,  
That, by some fairy wand, I seemed  
Transformed into a live bouquet !

O, who could long continue sane,  
With such a witching pageantry

Dancing the “ Redowa ” in his brain !

Alas ! it proved too much for me.

Remembering that Cupid waited,

I stole a glance at every one,

Stammered, and blushed, and hesitated.

“ Dear Love ! ” said I. Echo, “ He ’s gone ! ”

Then from those angels, at the font,

Came such provoking peals of laughter,

And merry shouts, depend upon ’t,

I ’ll never dream of youth hereafter.

THE 'SEWING-BIRD TO HIS TYRANT.

---

WORK away! work away!  
Never ceasing, never idle;  
Are you working, lady gay,  
For some fairy's gaudy bridal?

I delight to see you work,  
And would never more complain,  
But for that confounded jerk,—  
Heavens! there it comes again!

Here I sit, from day to day,  
With my useless wings outspread,  
Holding your embroidery,  
Only wishing I were dead.

Can't you leave your task awhile?  
Toil will then be all the sweeter.  
Look up! long enough to smile;  
There 's a dear, bewitching creetur!

I should like to sing to you,  
But of course I am not able,  
Fastened, by this horrid screw,  
To your little table.

Should I try a song to sing,  
It might pass for Greek or Latin.  
Would you think of warbling  
When your mouth was stuffed with satin?

Cruel tyrant! work away!  
Never heed your bird's complaint.  
What care you, my lady gay,  
Though I pine, and droop, and faint.

Not a drop of dew or food,—  
Not a single moment's rest,—  
In one place for ever screwed,  
Am I not unblest?

Prithee, leave your task awhile !  
Toil will then be far the sweeter.  
Look up ! long enough to smile ;  
There 's a dear — despotic creetur !

### PROGRESS.—A VISION.

---

WE sometimes have queer visions. A quaint  
form

Came to me in my sleep; and questioned  
thus:—

“ Know’st thou the meaning of a cycle? ’T is  
A method in one course continued on,  
Until the selfsame course again begins.”

A quiet revolution, creeping up  
So silently, with noiseless, dainty steps,  
That it o’ertakes us ere we are aware.

In fashion's fripperies, literature, and art,  
It manifests itself. What seemed to you,  
A few short by-gone years, grotesque, and  
“gauche,”—  
The height of literary Quakerdom,—  
Shall be the commonly accepted style.  
The time is coming,—nay, already come!—  
When genius dare not lisp in common sense;  
When mental pickaxes shall be required,  
To dig from its obscurity the thought  
Most simple. When the wildest German  
“myth”  
(Ghost of a night of boisterous revelry)  
Shall seem a fact beside our modern  
“myths”!  
The author's sole endeavor then must be  
To veil the sense, by shuffling the words  
Into chaotic masses, (as we give  
Children a box of ill-assorted blocks,

Without a map, bidding them build a house!)  
Presenting a kaleidoscope of thoughts,  
Twined in the most unreadable of shapes ;  
So that the reader who may comprehend  
Fairly may boast that he is author too.  
Its mystic influence shall reach the schools,  
Where now the child says, “ Two and two  
make four.”  
He will not say that two and two make four,  
But thus : “ Two units, junctually combined,  
With cōbined units junctually, other two,  
In multiple embrace closely cojunct,  
Cojunctly form, in émbrace multiple,  
A double duplex, — or a four times one ! ”  
“ Horrors ! ” said I, “ if that ’s your march of  
mind,  
Genius may lead the van. I ’ll stay behind ! ”  
I woke. My youngest boy was asking me  
Some questions in the Double Rule of Three !

---

SONNET.—TO ZEPHYRUS.

WEST-WIND,—the tips of whose soft wings  
aerial

Languidly fan the drowsy twilight sea,  
Until, awaking from its dream imperial,  
Dimpling, it breaks into an ecstasy  
Of sparkling joy,—forth from thine azure  
chamber,

Lighted by Hesperus, at eve thou wingest,  
And, throwing over thee thy veil of amber,

---

Love's language to the waking Wood-  
Nymphs singest.

Thy lambent pinions, amorous and free,  
Clasp the slight zone of the unblushing lass,  
Or brush her dewy lip. All welcome thee.  
The modest wild-flower hiding in the grass,  
The way-side rose, and the proud forest-tree,  
Exhale sweet benisons whene'er you pass.

---

### THE BIRTH OF MUSIC.

---

TWILIGHT nestles in Paradise. Young stars  
In the blue depth are glistening. Fragrant  
flowers,

Which through the rosy day had bent them  
down

'Neath the warm glances of the ardent sun,  
Retiring, modest, from his eager gaze,  
Languidly rouse; wooed by the cool, moist  
breath

Of Zephyrus. The tops of the tall trees  
Still hold the memory of receding light;  
While the fair landscape mellows into shade.  
Twilight in Eden! in its perfectness,  
Inclosing Nature in a sainted dream,  
Ere the transgression dark had intervened,  
'Twixt man and immortality on earth.  
Forth from her bower luxurious, beauteous  
Eve,  
Chaste, uncontaminate, as when the smile  
Of God first charmed her into beauty, roved  
Among those gardens of perennial bloom,  
Inhaling their sweet being. Delicate,  
As holiest breath from new-created angel, came  
The whisper of the gentle wind to her.  
How fair earth must have been! How passing  
fair,  
Trod by seraphic natures only! As she  
roved,

She heard low murmurings; delicious tones,  
Inwoven with the soft, voluptuous breeze;  
Filling her soul with unknown ecstasy.  
Entranced, she listened. Still, out-murmuring  
low,

Came wafted to her, on the scented air,  
Those sounds mysterious. 'Twas a little band  
Of angels, uttering their evening psalm,—  
Their twilight orison. Then questioned Eve,  
Of her pure soul, if the same power were  
given

To her as to those angels whispering there?  
Lifting her untried voice, to imitate  
Those heavenly strains, out-flowed in song,  
Echoing amid those starlit bowers, the first  
Delicious tones of new-born Harmony.  
Then knelt she down; and, while the tears  
of joy

Still sparkled on her soft, transparent lid,

Like dew upon the lily of the vale,  
Her soul, responding to this new delight,  
In strain of adoration chanted forth  
The sweet *Te Deum* of her gratitude.

**“ERIN GO BRAGH!”****MELODRAMATIC.**

BESIDE a pile of dust and chips,  
The sleeping sawyer lay;  
His pipe still clinging to his lips,  
That short brown pipe of clay;—

His shirt unbuttoned at the throat,  
His hat drawn o'er his eyes;  
The greasy pocket of his coat  
McAdamized with flies.

See you that mouth's convulsive twitch?

St. Vitus sends a smile!

He dhrames he 's nestling in a ditch,

In Imerald's swate isle.

He dhrames he 's wid his mother,

In the swale below the rig;

Wid one arr'm around his brother,

And one around the pig!

O, wake him not! Let him enjoy

That vision pure and sweet.

The soft, black mud of childhood

Is clinging to his feet!

He sees all he left, at parting,

(With some twelve or fifteen more,) \*

Scrabbling for the cold "purtatis"

On the dear old, nasty floor; —

Sees his father, lenient Lictor,  
Quietly enjoy the sight;  
And applaud the laurelled victor  
In the vegetable fight!

\* \* \* \*

Now he lays about him gayly,  
Battling with the yielding air,  
Whacking with ideal shillelagh  
Many a skull at rustic fair.

Now he takes a short vacation ; —  
Let the fancied conqueror rest!  
See the well-earned perspiration  
Trickle down his heaving breast!

Sudden starting, now you see 'm stir;  
Wakes he ! for upon the road,  
Shouts the rough, remorseless teamster,  
“ Paddy ! here 's another load ! ”

\* \* \* \*

Harder now the work before him ; —

Memory sad is working too :

Erin's sky is arching o'er him

With its soft, transparent blue ; —

Voices sweet as flowing waters,

Though untutored by the school,

Greetings warm from those wild daughters

Never taught to love by rule.

Trembles in his eye a tear-drop ; —

Man and soul have met in strife.

To the cold world 't is a mere drop, —

'T is to him a prayer of life !

Such the doom of dreamings earthful ;

When most bright to be o'ercast ;

Grave or gay, sedate or mirthful,

End in dust and tears at last.

---

SONNET.—THOUGHT.

---

ECHO of Silence! whose responsive power  
All can appreciate, and yet none control;  
Whose coming consecrates the lonely hour,  
Making a Sabbath of the pensive soul;—  
Voice of the Spirit! at whose mild decree,  
From mental chambers rousing the ideal,  
The sentient wanders through infinity,  
Divested of the sordid and the real;—  
Mysterious gift! to whose vast power we owe

All of life's essence; unto whom is given  
To lift us from our instincts here below,  
And sublimate us for our flight to heaven;—  
My mind out-lead from unreflecting night,  
To thy pure sphere of intellectual light!

TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

---

A HAPPY morn to thee ! I know  
Thou canst not comprehend  
This benison I send to thee,  
My joyous little friend !  
Yet my fond heart to thee would speak  
The impulse which it feels,  
For Time has now another year  
Entangled in his wheels.

Your tiny feet have just essayed  
A self-dependent walk,  
And mother says that you have made  
Your first attempt at talk.  
What care we, though the tempest blow,  
Or winter's mantle fall ?  
Thy smile is mightier than the blast, —  
'T is summer in our hall !

Yet there intrudeth on my joy  
A shadow even now ;  
Death claims thee, darling, as his own.  
Beneath that sunny brow,  
By Heaven's kindly veil concealed,  
Sleeps thy mysterious fate :  
Through God's great mercy unrevealed,  
Or life were desolate.

Two of life's fleeting years, dear girl,  
Two of thy years, have flown ;  
And rapidly, though silently,  
Another floweth on.  
On ! rapidly, though silently,  
Each coming year shall pass,  
Till thou art forced to mark, as I,  
The ebbings of the glass.

My darling February Rose !  
Lifting thy fragile head  
Above the winter's storms and snows,  
While other flowers lie dead,—  
God keep thee in thine innocence !  
When thy last year has flown,  
May the recording angel breathe  
Thy name before His throne.

---

SONNET TO THE MOON.

---

INCONSTANT Luna! pale night-walker! whence  
is,  
Concerning thee, this sentimental bluster?  
Thou light-bestower under false pretences!  
The dull earth polishing with borrowed lustre;  
Nocturnal gambler! fortune's fickle daughter!  
Hater of sunshine! 'luminated owl!  
Reduced, at intervals, to thy last quarter,  
For ever doomed with Erebus to prowl!

Dyspeptic poets call thee Lover's lamp,  
Thy small thin crescent Cupid's golden bark ;  
I here baptize thee Lantern of the Scamp !  
Who waits, like thee, for evening shadows dark,  
Stealthily creepeth through the silent night,  
And sneaketh home at the approach of light !

### THE TRUE CREED.

---

LET your life be sordid, real;  
Count your loftier thoughts as dreams;  
Listen not to the ideal;  
Go for 't is, and not for seems.

Stoop not on your march sublime,  
The wild-flower to cull, which springs  
In the dusty road of Time;  
Scorn such sentimental things!

O'er the masses tramp and travel;  
To your human nature yield;  
Scruples are but sand and gravel,  
Choking up ambition's field.

Thus advancing, head erect,  
Let your mission be to forage;  
If you're very circumspect,  
You may steal your neighbor's porridge.

Let your motto be "Suspicion"!  
Lacking this, all things are lacked.  
Honesty is mere tradition,  
Number one the only fact.

Retrospection leave behind;  
Thank the world for what it is.  
Regrets but your freedom bind;  
They are self-made miseries.

Feeling must be petrified ;  
Heart must be inclosed in tin ;  
Mammon must be glorified,  
Conscience hammered very thin.

Cheat ! the six days of the week ;  
“ Settle up,” one day in seven ;  
Should you hear your axles squeak,  
Grease with hypocritic leaven.

Never shirk a contribution ;  
Take a new bill, which will rattle :  
Very little absolution  
Arms you to renew the battle.

Do it ! lest the warden carp :  
Recollect there ’s but one Sunday  
In the week, and if you ’re sharp,  
You can “ make it up ” on Monday.

With your bank-book for your pope,  
For your ritual the stocks,  
Undisturbed shall be your hope;  
It is founded upon "rocks"!

### A THOUGHT OR TWO.

---

As thirsty travellers, let us stoop and drink  
Refreshing draught from Nature's road-side  
lymph,

With varied flowers springing at the brink ;  
Blessing, believably, the unseen Nymph,

Whose mystic wand, by God's direction, guides  
The stream transparent thro' its devious flow,  
From the pure fountain, on the mountain-sides,  
Into its vase of emerald below.

---

'T is pleasant, thus along life's way-side resting,

Our dusty banner for a moment furled,

To listen to the inner voice protesting

Against the faults and follies of the world.

Useful it is to stop our bark a moment,

Shaking the water from the dripping oar;

And, noiseless drifting, listen to the comment

Of worldlings working on the busy shore.

We shall be purer when we thus have hearkened  
Unto their senseless strivings. Then the soul  
Lighteth her lamp in chambers cold and  
darkened ;

Then dare we question of the earth control.

Then shall we turn the streamlet from the mill,  
Whose ceaseless din doth weary and annoy us;

---

Bidding its stony, gritty pulse be still,  
While the freed stream goes on its mission  
joyous.

Like to a blessed revelation flowing,  
The unprisoned stream shall greet the grateful  
banks,  
Reviving all within its influence growing,  
Which, waking, nod, and wave their scented  
thanks.

If he who makes one blade of grass to grow,  
Which grew not else, not all in vain hath striven,  
O happier he who, in this vale of woe,  
Hath nurtured flowers which only bloom in  
heaven.

---

“I STILL LIVE!”

---

“I STILL live!” Let the worldling, invidious,  
interpret

Those words of the Statesman, and warp as  
he will;

Let him question the motive, and carp at the  
meaning,

The same innate beauty investeth them still.

How simple their meaning when fairly con-  
sidered,

How touching and tender, how apt to the time!

To those who were lingering mournfully near  
him

Their very simplicity stamps them sublime!

No hope for this earth to those words is imputed,  
No wish ever more life's dull march to resume;  
His labors are finished, his pilgrimage over;  
No dread of the future, no fear of the tomb.

How sadly they tolled on the ear of the listener!  
How gently they spoke of the earnest, deep love,  
Which cherished the dear ones of earth while  
he lingered,

Yet looked to a holier reunion above!

No vision is here of unsated ambition,  
Which questions of fate the control to the last;  
No wish the arena of life to re-enter;  
But this prayerful idea, ere the spirit had past.

“ I still live ! ” God hath spared me once more  
in his mercy,

To take a farewell of earth’s vanishing things;  
To grasp once again the warm hands of my  
kindred,

Ere the angel of death folds me under his  
wings.

“ I still live ! ” God be thanked for his manifold  
bounties !

“ The cattle and sheep, drive them up to the  
door ”; \*

I would take one last look at their innocent  
faces,

Would list to their lowing and bleating once  
more.

---

\* One of the last requests of the late Daniel Webster.

I see, for the last time, God's smile in the  
sunshine ;

His warning I hear in the Autumn wind's  
moan.

My Summer is over, my harvest is ready ;  
The cold Earth is silently waiting her own.

“ I still live ! ” Let the worldling, invidious,  
interpret

Those words of the Statesman, and warp as  
he will ;

Let him question the motive, and carp at the  
meaning,

The same innate beauty investeth them still.

---

V A L E .

---

Good by! my frail, ideal craft,  
Unfurl and trim your sail!  
Be grateful for the Summer breeze,—  
Be ready for the gale!

Farewell! farewell! the anchor's weighed;  
I've launched you from the shore,  
And from my cozy fireside nook,  
Shall watch your voyage o'er

The ocean of your doubtful fate.  
For Pilot charter Hope !  
There 's no insurance on your freight,  
Nor on the tiniest rope.

Your first-mate, Courage, stout and stanch,  
Will prove as true as steel !  
He stood godfather at the launch,  
And he baptized the keel !

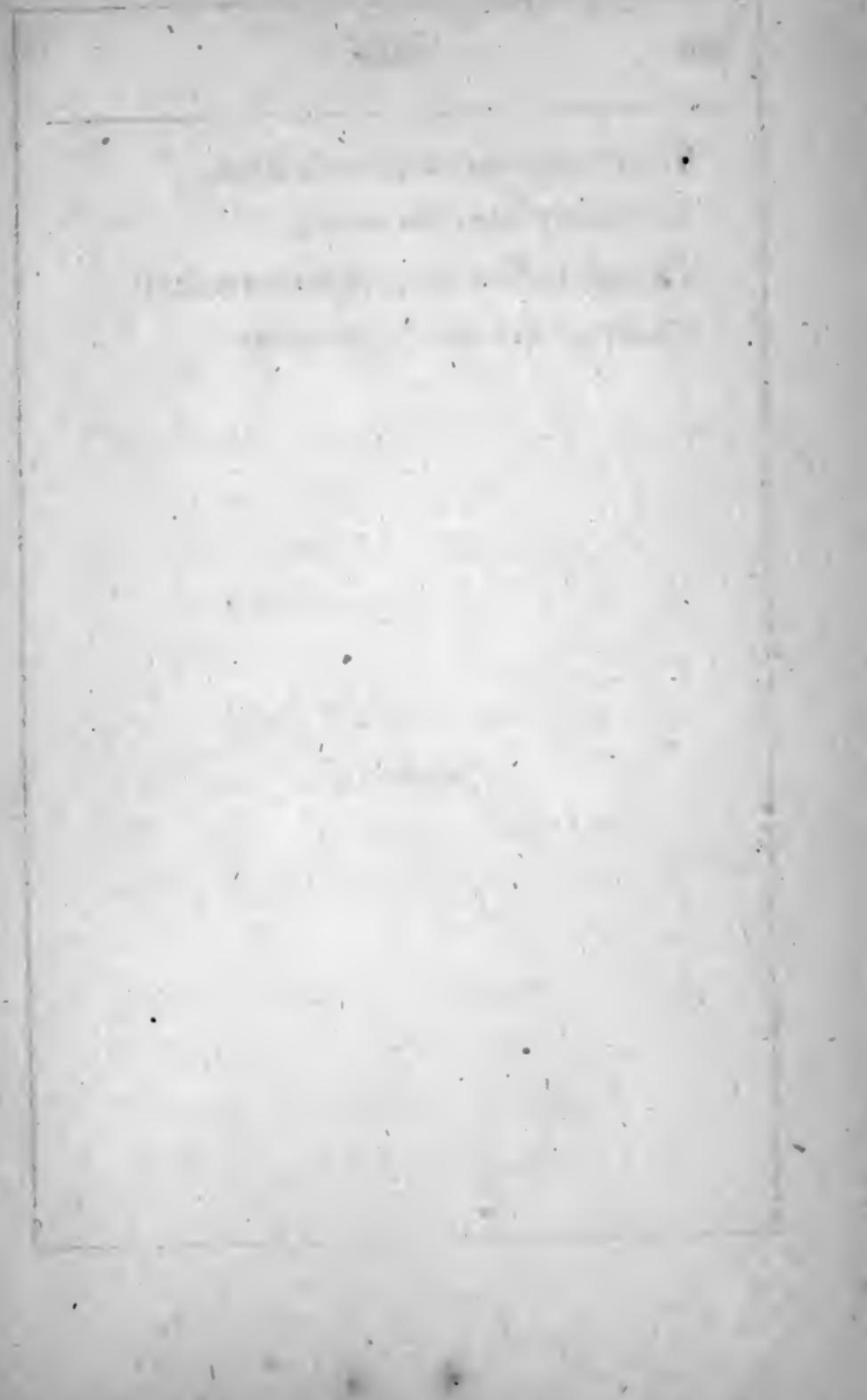
Trust in him. When the sky 's o'ercast,  
When fainting spirits fail,  
He 'll " nail your colors to the mast,"  
Greeting the adverse gale !

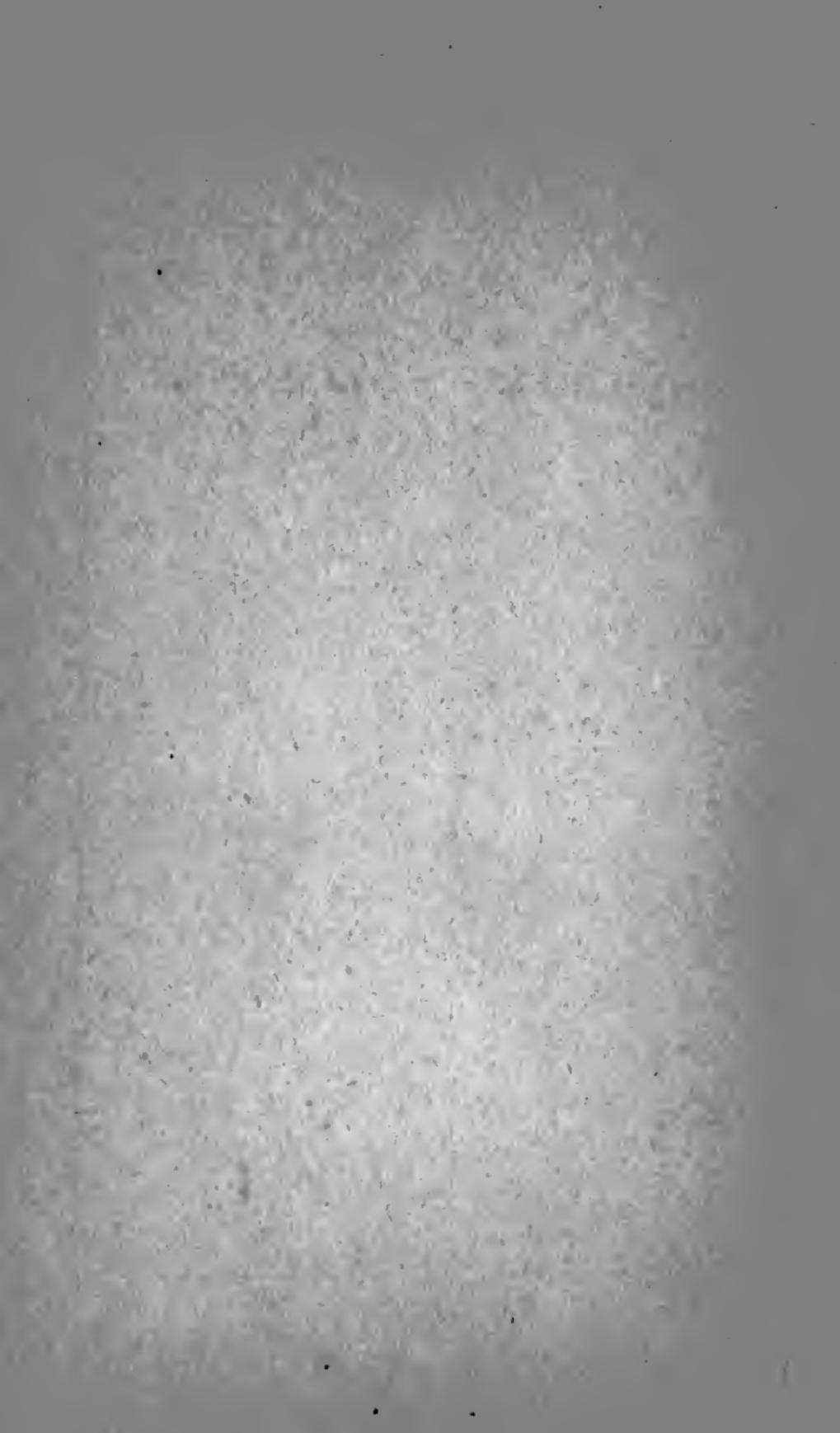
Rest on him with a firm belief,  
When storm and tempest frown.  
You have no heavy sails to reef,  
And you 're too light to drown.

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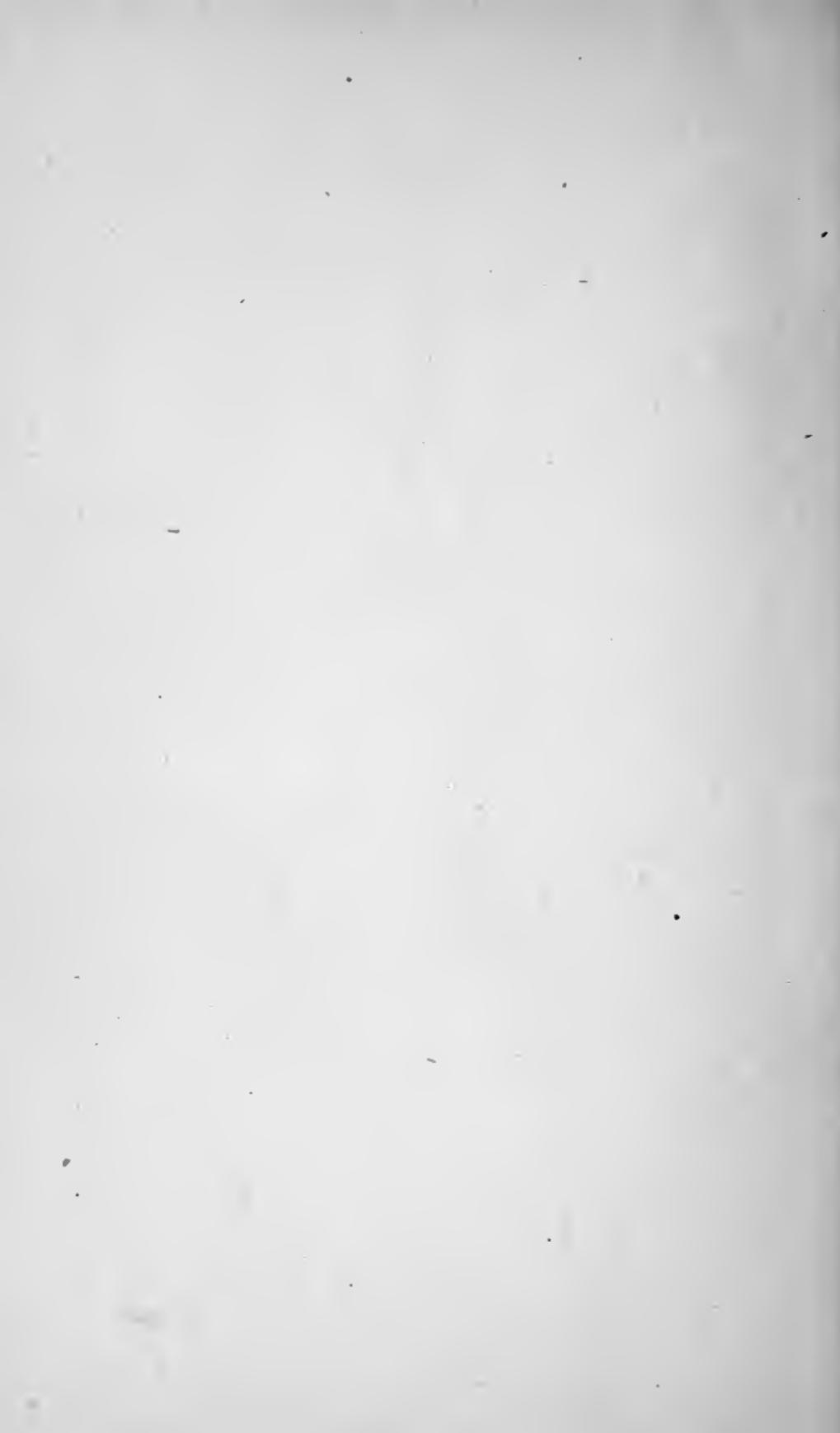
Then deprecate no pirate's lance,  
Sail boldly from the shore;  
Though baffled once, again advance;  
Challenge the wave once more.

THE END.

















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